ADVERTISEMENT.

THE papers of Mr. ADDISON, publiſhed by Sir Richard Steele, in the TATLER, are now collected into two volumes, and publiſhed by themſelves. Nothing can be a greater encomium on them, than what Sir Richard has acknowledged in the laſt number of that collection. "Their excellence, now, may be beſt gathered, from their having given ſo long a vogue, to that heap of crude and undigeſted things, with which they are intermixed." POPE'S WORKS, Vol. 4. 8vo Edit.

MANY books have been compoſed with much wit and vivacity, to expoſe vice and folly, and promote decency and propriety of manners: but theſe, whether we regard the juſt and generous ſentiments, the fertile invention, the variety of ſubjects, the ſuprizing turns of wit and facetious imagination, and genteel ſatyr, the purity and propriety of the words, or the beauty and dignity of the diction, have ſurpaſſed all the productions of this kind publiſhed in any age or country: they have all the perfections of writing, all the advantages of wit and humour that are required to entertain and inſtruct. They were ſo generally diſperſed in ſingle ſheets, and have been ſince printed in ſo great numbers, that it is to be hoped they have made ſome proſelytes to the intereſts of wiſdom and virtue among ſuch a multitude of readers. The Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, have been tranſlated into moſt European languages, and given birth to ſeveral papers in imitation of them in foreign countries.

BAYLE'S DICTIONARY.

Statesman, yet friend to Truth, in Soul Sincer
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear.

12357 pp. 32

THE TATLER.

By the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME FIRST.

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MDCCLXXVII.

THE TATLER.

No. 20. THURSDAY, *May* 26. 1709.

—THOUGH the theatre is now breaking, it s allowed ſtill to ſell animals there; therefore, f any lady or gentleman have occaſion for a ame elephant, let them enquire of Mr. Pinkthman, who has one to diſpoſe of at a reaſonable ate. The downfal of May-Faire has quite ſunk he price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curioſities of nature. A tiger will ell almoſt as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly nformed, a man may purchaſe a cat with three egs, for very near the value of one with four. hear likewiſe, that there is a great deſolation mong the gentlemen and ladies who were the

ornaments of the town, and uſed to ſhine in plumes and diadems; the heroes being moſt of them preſſed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs. Sarabrand, ſo famous for her ingenious puppet-ſhow, has ſet up a ſhop in the Exchange, where ſhe ſells her little troop under the term of jointed babies. I could not but be ſolicitous to know of her, how ſhe had diſpoſed of that rake hell Punch, whoſe lewd life and converſation had given ſo much ſcandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the faire. She told me, with a ſigh, that deſpairing of ever reclaiming him, ſhe would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a poſt upon a ſtall in Wapping, where he may be ſeen from ſun-riſing to ſun-ſetting, with a glaſs in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as centry to a brandy-ſhop. The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate Camilla, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to diſappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom. This lady entered ſo thoroughly into the great characters ſhe acted, that when ſhe had finiſhed her part, ſhe could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the ſame magnificence that ſhe did upon the ſtate. This greatneſs of ſoul has reduced that unhappy princeſs to an involuntary retirement, where ſhe now paſſes her time among the

the woods and foreſts, thinking on the crowns and ſcepters ſhe has loſt, and often humming over in her ſolitude,

I was born of royal race,
Yet muſt wander in diſgrace, etc.

But for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, ſhe uſually ſings it in Italian;

Naqui al Regno, naqui al Trono
E pur ſono
Inventurata Paſtorella———

Since I have touched upon this ſubject, I ſhall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have received from a friend at Amſterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furniſhing it with actors is ſomething peculiar to that place, and gives us occaſion to admire both the politeneſs and frugality of the people.

'MY friends have kept me here a week 'longer than ordinary to ſee one of their plays, 'which was performed laſt night with great ap-'plauſe. The actors are all of them tradeſmen, 'who after their day's work is over, earn about 'a gilder a night by perſonating kings and ge-'nerals. The hero of the tragedy I ſaw, was

'a journey-man taylor, and his firſt miniſter
'of ſtate a coffee-man. The empreſs made me
'think of Parthenope in the Rehearſal; for her
'mother keeps an ale-houſe in the ſuburbs of
'Amſterdam. When the tragedy was over,
'they entertained us with a ſhort farce, in which
'the cobler did his part to a miracle; but upon
'enquiry, I found he had really been working
'at his own trade, and repreſenting on the ſtage
'what he acted every day in his ſhop. The
'profits of the theatre maintain an hoſpital: for
'as here they do not think the profeſſion of an
'actor the only trade that a man ought to exer-
'ciſe, ſo they will not allow any body to grow
'rich on a profeſſion that in their opinion ſo
'little conduces to the good of the common-
'wealth. If I am not miſtaken, your play-houſes
'in England have done the ſame thing; for,
'unleſs I am miſinformed, the hoſpital at Dul-
'ledge was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen
'a player: and it is alſo ſaid, a famous ſhe-
'tragedian has ſettled her eſtate, after her death,
'for the maintenance of decayed wits, who
'are to be taken in as ſoon as they grow
'dull, at whatever time of their life that ſhall
'happen.'

No. 42. SATURDAY, *July* 16. 1709.

——Celebrare domeſtica facta.

——THIS is to give notice, that a magnificent palace, with great variety of gardens, ſtatues, and water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-Lane; where there are likewiſe ſeveral caſtles to be diſpoſed of, very delightfully ſituated; as alſo groves, woods, foreſts, fountains, and country ſeats, with very pleaſant proſpects, on all ſides of them; being the moveables of Chriſtopher Rich, Eſq; who is breaking up houſekeeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to diſpoſe of, which may be ſeen between the hours of ſix and ten in the evening.

THE INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nantes brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of lightening.

One ſhower of ſnow in the whiteſt French paper.

Two ſhowers of a browner ſort.

A ſea, conſiſting of a dozen large waves,

the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A rainbow a little faded.

A ſet of clouds after the French mode, ſtreaked with lightening, and furbelowed.

A new-moon, ſomething decayed.

A pint of the fineſt Spaniſh waſh, being all that was left of two hogſheads ſent over laſt winter.

A coach very finely gilt, and little uſed, with a pair of dragons, to be ſold cheap.

A ſetting-ſun, a pennyworth.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the great, and worn by Julius Cæſar, Bajazet, king Harry the Eighth, and Signior Valentini.

A baſket-hilted ſword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild-boar, killed by Mrs. Tofts and Dioclefian.

A ſerpent to ſting Cleopatra.

A muſtard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger ſort, by Mr. D——is's directions, little uſed.

Six

Six elbow-chairs, very expert in country dances, with ſix flower-pots for their partners.

The whiſkers of a Turkiſh baſſa.

The complexion of a murderer in a band-box; conſiſting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A ſuit of clothes for a ghoſt, viz. a bloody ſhirt, a doublet curiouſly pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breaſt.

A bale of red Spaniſh wool.

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, viſard-maſques, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak cudgels, with one of crab-tree; all bought for the uſe of Mr. Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as maſques, caſtanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengzebe's ſcymeter, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never uſed but by Oedipus and the earl of Eſſex.

There are alſo ſwords, halberts, ſheep-hooks, cardinals hats, turbants, drums, gally-pots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, a helmet, a back-piece, a breaſt-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed baby.

Theſe are the hard ſhifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuſe us, if a weſterly wind, blowing for a fortnight

together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we ſhew our martial ſkill in each line, and according to the ſpace we have to fill, we range our men in ſquadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever obſerving that no muſter is to be made, but when the wind is in a croſs point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deſerted or killed. The Courant is ſometimes ten deep, his ranks cloſe: the Poſt-Boy is generally in files, for greater exactneſs; and the Poſt-man comes down upon you rather after the Turkiſh way, ſword in hand, pellmell, without form or diſcipline; but ſure to bring men enough into the field; and where-ever they are raiſed, never to loſe a battle for want of numbers.

No. 75. SATURDAY, *October* 1. 1709.

From my own apartment, September 30.

I AM called off from public diſſertations by a domeſtic affair of great importance, which is no leſs than the diſpoſal of my ſiſter Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleaſing converſation; but I being born of my father's firſt wife, and ſhe of his third, ſhe converſes

verſes with me rather like a daughter than a ſiſter. I have indeed told her, that if ſhe kept her honour, and behaved herſelf in ſuch a manner as became the Bickerſtaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her huſband; which was a promiſe I made her after reading a paſſage in Pliny's Epiſtles. That polite author had been employed to find out a conſort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

Aciliano plurimum vigoris et induſtriae quanquam in maxima verecundia: eſt illi facies liberalis, multo ſanguine, multo rubore, ſuffuſa: eſt ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam ſenatorius decor, quae ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda; debet enim hoc caſtitati puellarum quaſi præmium dari.

'Acilianus is a man of extraordinary vigour 'and induſtry, accompanied with the greateſt 'modeſty. He has very much of the gentle-'man, with a lively colour, and fluſh of health 'in his aſpect. His whole perſon is finely turn-'ed, and ſpeaks him a man of quality: which 'are qualifications, that, I think, ought by 'no means to be overlooked, and ſhould be 'beſtowed on a daughter as the reward of her 'chaſtity.'

A woman, that will give herſelf liberties, needs not put her parents to ſo much trouble; for if ſhe does not poſſeſs theſe ornaments in a

huſband, ſhe can ſupply herſelf elſewhere. But this is not the caſe of my ſiſter Jenny, who I may ſay without vanity, is as unſpotted a ſpinſter as any in Great Britain. I ſhall take this occaſion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have, in the genealogy of our houſe, the deſcription and pictures of our anceſtors from the time of king Arthur; in whoſe days there was one of my own name, a knight of his round table, and known by the name of Sir Iſaac Bickerſtaff. He was low of ſtature, and of a very ſwarthy complexion, not unlike a Portugueſe Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height uſually are, and would often communicate to his friends his deſign of lengthening and whitening his poſterity. His eldeſt ſon Ralph (for that was his name) was for this reaſon married to a lady who had little elſe to recommend her but that ſhe was very tall and fair. The iſſue of this match, with the help of his ſhoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obſcure 'till the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our houſe were famous for their needle-work and fine ſkins. In the male line there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard the third, the eldeſt ſon of Philip, then chief of the family,

mily, being born with a hump-back and very high noſe. This was the more aſtoniſhing, becauſe none of his forefathers ever had ſuch a blemiſh; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round ſhoulders, and a Roman noſe: what made the noſe the leſs excuſable, was the remarkable ſmallneſs of his eyes.

The ſeveral defects were mended by ſucceeding matches; his eyes were opened in the next generation, and the hump fell in a centry and half; but the greateſt difficulty was how to reduce the noſe; which I do not find was accompliſhed till about the middle of Henry the ſeventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of Henry the eighth

But while our anceſtors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and noſe, the face of the Bickerſtaffs fell down inſenſibly into chin; which was not taken notice of (their thoughts being ſo much employed upon the noble features) till it became almoſt too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and ſucceſſive care in our alliances, have cured this alſo, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at preſent. I would not be tedious in this diſcourſe, but cannot but obſerve, that our race ſuffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of her heireſſes with an

an eminent courtier, who gave us ſpindle-ſhanks, and cramps in our bones, inſomuch that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir Walter Bickerſtaff married Maud the milk-maid, of whom the then Garter king at arms (a facetious perſon) ſaid pleaſantly enough, that ſhe had ſpoiled our blood, but mended our conſtitutions.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our perſons and features, I cannot but obſerve, that there are daily inſtances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any paſſion out of a family by culture, as ſkilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a ſhrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raiſe a jackpudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the diſpoſing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an houſe and ſee ſuch different complexions and humours in the ſame race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikeſtaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter ſilently lowers, the other ſteals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a ſplenatic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this diſpoſal of my ſiſter, I have choſen, with an eye to her being a wit, and provided, that

that the bridegoom be a man of a ſound and excellent judgment, who will ſeldom mind what ſhe ſays when ſhe begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, ſluttiſh; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate moſt, and bring into obſervation, what we think moſt excellent in ourſelves, or moſt capable of improvement. Thus my ſiſter, inſtead of conſulting her glaſs and her toilet for an hour and an half after her private devotion, ſits with her noſe full of ſnuff, and a man's nightcape on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit ſhe thinks her diſtinction; therefore knows nothing of the ſkill of dreſs, or making her perſon agreeable. It would make you laugh, to ſee me often with my ſpectacles on lacing her ſtays; for ſhe is ſo very a with, that ſhe underſtands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reaſon I have diſpoſed of her to a man of buſineſs, who will ſoon let her ſee, that to be well dreſſed, in good humour, and chearful in the command of her family, are the arts and ſciences of female life. I could have beſtowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and ſix: but I found it abſolutely neceſſary to croſs the ſtrain; for had they met, they had eternally been rivals in diſcourſe, and

in

in continual contention for the ſuperiority of underſtanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets.

As it is, I expect an offſpring fit for the habitation of city, town or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the neceſſity of taking this method, let any one, even below the ſkill of an aſtrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as ſoon as he paſſes Cheapſide-conduit, and you ſee a deep attention and a certain unthinking ſharpneſs in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purpoſes. To me it is very apparent when I ſee a citizen paſs by, whether his head is upon woollen, ſilks, iron, ſugar, indigo, or ſtocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a perſon of a vaſt eſtate, who is the immediate deſcendant of a fine gentleman, but the great-grandſon of a broker, in whom his anceſtor is now revived. He is a very honeſt gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily ſorry for it; but he cheats by conſtitution, and overreaches by inſtinct.

The happineſs of the man who marries my ſiſter will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little byaſs of fancy, or particularly

icularly of manners which grew in herſelf, and an be amended by her. From ſuch an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family riſe to its ancient ſplendor of face, air, countenance, manner and ſhape, without diſcovering the product of ten nations in one houſe. Obadiah Green-hat ſays, he never comes into any company in England, but he diſtinguiſhes the different nations of which we are compoſed: there is ſcarce ſuch a living creature as a true Britain. We ſit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you ſee a Dane ſtart up and ſwear, the kingdom is his own. A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and ſwears, he will diſpute that with him. A Norman tells them both, he will aſſert his liberty: and a Welſhman cries, they are all foreigners and intruders of yeſterday, and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours children, and couſin-germans. For which reaſon I ſay, ſtudy your race, or the ſoil of your family will dwindle into cits or 'ſquires, or run up into wits or madmen.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this paper.*

No. 81. SATURDAY, *October* 15. 1709.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi,
Quique pii Vates et Phoebo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.
VIRG.

From my own apartment, October 14.

THERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the ſoul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary exiſtence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The beſt and greateſt actions have proceeded from the proſpect of the one or other of theſe; but my deſign is to treat only of thoſe who have chiefly propoſed to themſelves the latter as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reaſon that I excluded from my tables of fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reaſon alſo that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do juſtice to the perſons of whom I am now going to ſpeak; for ſince Fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and ſtudies, a man cannot be too ſcrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it.

it. It was this conſideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my aſſiſtance; to many of whom I muſt own my obligations for the catalogues of illuſtrious perſons which they have ſent me in upon this occaſion. I yeſterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon my imagination, that they broke my ſleep for the firſt part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable viſion, which I ſhall beg leave to deſcribe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundleſs plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midſt of it there ſtood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The ſides were extremely ſteep, and of ſuch a particular ſtructure, that no creature, which was not made in a human figure, could poſſibly aſcend it. On a ſudden there was heard from the top of it a ſound like that of a trumpet; but ſo exceeding ſweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of thoſe who heard it with raptures, and gave ſuch high and delightful ſenſations, as ſeemed to animate and raiſe human nature above itſelf. This made me very much amazed to find ſo very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or reliſh this muſic with pleaſure: but my wonder abated, when,

upon

upon looking round me, I ſaw moſt of them attentive to three ſirens clothed like goddeſſes, and diſtinguiſhed by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleaſure. They were ſeated on three rocks, amidſt a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the baſe and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were liſtening to theſe deluſive deities, thoſe of a more erect aſpect and exalted ſpirit ſeparated themſelves from the reſt, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain; from whence they heard the ſound, which ſtill grew ſweeter the more they liſtened to it.

On a ſudden, methought this ſelect band ſprang forward, with a reſolution to climb the aſcent, and follow the call of that heavenly muſic. Every one took ſomething with him that he thought might be of aſſiſtance to him in his march. Several had their ſwords drawn, ſome carried rolls of paper in their hand, ſome had compaſſes, others quadrants, others teleſcopes, and other pencils; ſome had laurels on their heads, and other buſkings on their legs: in ſhort, there was ſcarce any inſtrument of a mechanic art or a liberal ſcience, which was not made uſe of on this occaſion. My good Dæmon, who ſtood at my right hand during the courſe of this whole viſion, obſerving in me a kind of burning deſire to join that glorious company, told

told me he highly approved that generous ardor with which I ſeemed tranſported; but at the ſame time adviſed me to cover my face with a maſk all the while I was to labour on the aſcent. I took his counſel without enquiring into his reaſons. The whole body broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thouſand different paths. Several got into little allies, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no further: and I obſerved, that moſt of the artizans, which conſiderably diminiſhed our number, fell into theſe paths.

We left another conſiderable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had diſcovered by-ways up the hill, which proved ſo very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite loſt among the ſeveral turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions; they made but little progreſs in the aſcent. Theſe, as my guide informed me, were men of ſubtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would ſupply the place of real wiſdom with cunning and artifice. Among thoſe, who were far advanced in their way, there were ſome that by one falſe ſtep fell backward, and loſt more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and obſerved, that

that all the different paths which ran about the ſides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads, which inſenſibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little diſtance from the entrance of each road, there ſtood an hideous phantom, that oppoſed our further paſſage. One of theſe apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandiſhed in the face of all who came up that way. Crouds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out *Death*. The ſpectre that guarded the other road, was *Envy*: ſhe was not armed with weapons of deſtruction like the former; but by dreadful hiſſings, noiſes of reproach, and a horrid diſtracted laughter, ſhe appeared more frightful than death itſelf, inſomuch that abundance of our company were diſcouraged from paſſing any farther, and ſome appeared aſhamed of having come ſo far. As for myſelf, I muſt confeſs my heart ſhrunk within me at the ſight of theſe ghaſtly appearances: but on a ſudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, ſo that we felt a new reſolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this reſolution grew, the terrors before us ſeemed to vaniſh. Moſt of the company, who had ſwords in their hands, marched on with great ſpirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their look, went forward in a more compoſed

compoſed manner up the road poſſeſſed by Envy. The way above theſe apparitions grew ſmooth and uniform, and was ſo delightful, that the travellers went on with pleaſure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and ſaw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light that made them reflect with ſatisfaction on their paſt toils, and diffuſed a ſecret joy through the whole aſſembly, which ſhewed itſelf in every look and feature. In the midſt of theſe happy fields, there ſtood a palace of a very glorious ſtructure: it had four great folding-doors, that faced the four ſeveral quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddeſs of the mountain, who ſmiled upon her votaries, and ſounded the ſilver trumpet which had called them up, and cheared them in their paſſage to her palace. They had now formed themſelves into ſeveral diviſions, a band of hiſtorians taking their ſtations at each door, according to the perſons whom they were to introduce.

On a ſudden the trumpet, which had hitherto ſounded only a march or a point of war, now ſwelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: the whole fabric ſhook, and the doors flew open. The firſt who ſtepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was

was conducted by a croud of hiſtorians. The perſon who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this falſe guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the firſt table. My good Dæmon, that I might ſee the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that paſſed, without being ſeen myſelf. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm ſhe bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, ſtood up at his enterance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it ſeems was one of the nine ſiſters that attended on the goddeſs of Fame, ſmiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæſar was now coming forward; and though moſt of the hiſtorians offered their ſervice to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himſelf.

The next who advanced was a man of a homely but chearful aſpect, and attended by perſons of greater figure than any that appeared on

on this occaſion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and ſat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himſelf have taken a place next to his maſter Socrates; but on a ſudden there was heard a great clamour of diſputants at the door, who appeared with Ariſtotle at the head of them. That philoſopher, with ſome rudeneſs, but great ſtrength of reaſon, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had ſcarce ſat down, when the ſame beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excuſed himſelf, had not his modeſty been overcome by the invitation of all who ſat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me eaſily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero now appeared, and took his place. He had enquired at the door for Lucretius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himſelf with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Salluſt, appeared highly pleaſed with the office.

We waited ſome time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of hiſtorians, whoſe names I could not learn, moſt of them being natives of Carthage. The perſon thus conducted, who was Hannibal, ſeemed much diſturbed, and could not forbear com-

plaining to the board of the affronts he had met with among the Roman hiſtorians, who attempted, ſays he, to carry me into the ſubterraneous apartment: and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman, pointing to Polybius, who was the only perſon, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

The Carthaginian took his ſeat, and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own perſon, and preceded by ſeveral hiſtorians. Lucan was ſo exaſperated with the repulſe, that he muttered ſomething to himſelf, and was heard to ſay, that ſince he could not have a ſeat among them himſelf, he would bring in one, who alone had more merit than their whole aſſembly: upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with ſuch an air, that ſhewed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Obſerving the ſeat oppoſite to Cæſar was vacant, he took poſſeſſion of it; and ſpoke two or three ſmart ſentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, conſiſted not in place, but in intrinſic merit; to which he added, that the moſt virtuous man, where-ever he was ſeated, was always at the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great ſpirit of raillery with his wiſdom, could not forbear ſmiling at a virtue which took ſo little pains to make itſelf agreeable.

greeable. Cicero took the occaſion to make a long diſcourſe in praiſe of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæſar anſwered with a great deal of ſeeming temper: but as I ſtood at a great diſtance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they ſaid But I could not forbear taking notice, that in all the diſcourſe which paſſed at the table, a word or a nod from Homer decided the controverſy.

After a little pauſe, Auguſtus appeared looking round him with a ſerene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who ſtrove among themſelves which of them ſhould ſhew him the greateſt marks of gratitude and reſpect. Virgil roſe from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable gueſt to all, he appeared more ſuch to the learned, than the military worthies. The next man aſtoniſhed the whole table with his appearance: he was ſlow, ſolemn, and ſilent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiouſly wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the ſkirt of it, and diſcovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the ſight of it, declared againſt keeping company with any who were not made of fleſh and blood; and therefore deſired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious exiſtence. At his going out, he told them, that they did not know whom

they diſmiſſed; that he was now Pythagoras, the firſt of philoſophers, and that formerly he had been a brave man at the ſiege of Troy. That may be very true, ſaid Socrates; but you forget that you have likewiſe been a very great harlot in your time. This excluſion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a ſcheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which, I obſerved a cone or cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I deſired my guide for variety to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with gorgons, chimeras and centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and ſkill to unriddle. The firſt table was almoſt full. At the upper end ſat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club. On his right hand were Achilles and Ulyſſes, and between them Æneas. On his left were Hector, Theſeus, and Jaſon. The lower end had Orpheus, Æſop, Phalaris, and Muſæus. The uſhers ſeemed at a loſs for a twelfth man, when methought, to my great joy and ſurprize, I heard ſome at the lower end of the table mention Iſaac Bickerſtaff: but thoſe of the upper end received it with diſdain, and ſaid, if they muſt have a Britiſh worthy, they would have Robin Hood.

'† While I was tranſported with the honour

'that

† *This laſt paragraph written by Sir* R. Steele.

'that was done me, and burning with envy a-
'gainſt my competitor, I was awakened by the
'noiſe of the cannon which were then fired for
'the taking of Mons. I ſhould have been very
'much troubled at being thrown out of ſo plea-
'ſing a viſion on any other occaſion; but thought
'it an agreeable change to have my thoughts di-
'verted from the greateſt among the dead and
'fabulous heroes, to the moſt famous among
'the real and the living.'

No. 86. THURSDAY, *October* 23. 1709.

From my own apartment, October 25.

When I came home laſt night, my ſervant deli-
vered me the following letter.

SIR, *Octob.* 24.

'I HAVE orders from Sir Harry Quickſet,
'of Staffordſhire, Bart. to acquaint you, that
'his honour Sir Harry himſelf, Sir Giles Wheel-
'barrow, Kt. Thomas Rentfree, Eſq; juſtice of
'the quorum, Andrew Windmill, Eſq; and
'Mr. Nicholas Doubt of the Inner-Temple,
'Sir Harry's grandſon, will wait upon you at
'the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being
'Tueſday the 25th of October, upon buſineſs

'which Sir Harry will impart to you by word 'of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint 'you before-hand ſo many perſons of quality 'came, that you might not be ſurprized there-'with. Which concludes, though by many 'years abſence ſince I ſaw you at Stafford, un-'known,

SIR, your moſt humble ſervant,

John Thrifty.

I received this meſſage with leſs ſurprize than I believed Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I ſhould adjuſt the ceremonial, and demean myſelf to all theſe great men, who perhaps had not ſeen any thing above themſelves for theſe twenty years laſt paſt. I am ſure that is the caſe of Sir Harry. Beſides which, I was ſenſible that there was a great point in adjuſting my behaviour to the ſimple 'ſquire, ſo as to give him ſatisfaction, and not diſoblige the juſtice of the quorum.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no ſooner ſet chairs (by the ſteward's letter) and fixed my tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at the door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long ſilence, which

which was broke at laſt by, Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better: and another voice, Nay, good Sir Giles——I looked out from my window, and ſaw the good company all with their hats off, and arms ſpread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much ſolemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was ſo kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber-door, and I ſaw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the reſpect due to ſo reverend a vegetable: for you are to know, that is my ſenſe of a perſon who remains idle in the ſame place for half a century. I got him with great ſucceſs into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me, he had a great reſpect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himſelf next to Sir Harry, at whoſe right hand he had ſat at every quarter-ſeſſions this thirty years, unleſs he was ſick. The ſteward in the rear whiſpered the young templar, that is true to my knowledge. I had the misfortune, as they ſtood cheek by jole, to deſire the 'ſquire to ſit down before the juſtice of the quorum, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of the former, and reſentment of the latter: but I ſaw my error too late, and got them as ſoon as I could into their ſeats. Well, ſaid I, gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to deſire you to drink a

diſh of tea. They anſwered one and all, that they never drank tea in a morning. Not in a morning, ſaid I! ſtaring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes Nick Doubt tipped me the wink, and put his tongue to his grandfather. Here followed a profound ſilence, when the ſteward in his boots and whip propoſed, we ſhould adjourn to ſome public-houſe, where every body might call for what they pleaſed, and enter upon the buſineſs. We all ſtood up in an inſtant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left very diſcreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards the door; after him, Sir Giles in the ſame manner. The ſimple ſquire made a ſudden ſtart to follow; but the juſtice of the quorum whipped between upon the ſtand of the ſtairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into ſuch confuſion, that we ſtood all in a heap, without any viſible poſſibility of recovering our order: for the young jackanapes ſeemed to make a jeſt of the matter, and had ſo contrived, by preſſing amongſt us under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to ſtir a ſtep, till Sir Harry moved firſt. We were fixed in this perplexity for ſome time, till we heard a very loud noiſe in the ſtreet: and Sir Harry aſking what it was, I, to make them move, ſaid it was fire. Upon this, all ran down as faſt as they could, without order

der or ceremony, till we got into the ſtreet, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer-Lane, the impertinent templar driving us before him, as in a ſtring, and pointing to his acquaintance who paſſed by.

I muſt confeſs, I love to uſe people according to their own ſenſe of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the juſtice and the ſimple 'ſquire. He could not properly take this ill; but I over-heard him whiſper the ſteward, that he thought it hard that a common conjurer ſhould take place of him, though an elder ſquire. In this order we marched down Sheer-lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple-Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over; but a run of coaches kept the reſt of us on this ſide the ſtreet: however we all at laſt landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben. Took's ſhop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to Dick's coffee-houſe, where I deſigned to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the ſtreet upon the ſame ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were ſo neceſſarily kept in order by the ſituation, that we were now got into the coffee-houſe itſelf, where, as ſoon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an aſcent to it incloſed in the middle of the

room. The whole houſe was alarmed at this entry, made up of ſome perſons of ſo much ſtate and ruſticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and Dyer's letter. The boy brought the ale in an inſtant; but ſaid, they did not take in the letter. No! (ſays Sir Harry;) then take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this houſe! Here the templar tipped me a ſecond wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was diſpoſed to be very familiar with me. In ſhort, I obſerved, after a long pauſe, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon buſineſs till after their morning-draught, for which reaſon I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a ſecond, and a third: after which, Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, that the place was too public for buſineſs; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring ſome more friends with him.——†

No. 88.

† *Sir* Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this paper.*

No. 88. Tuesday, *November* 1. 1709.

From my own apartment, October 31.

——I was this morning awaked by a ſudden ſhake of the houſe; and as ſoon as I had got a little out of my conſternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the ſame convulſion. I got up as faſt as poſſible, girt on my rapier, and ſnatched up my hat, when my landlord came up to me, and told me that the gentlewoman of the next houſe begged me to ſtep thither; for that a lodger ſhe had taken in was runmad, and ſhe deſired my advice; as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occaſions. I am not like ſome artiſts, faucy, becauſe I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, ſhe had the day before let he ſecond floor to a very genteel youngiſh man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home moſt part of the morning and evening at ſtudy; but that this morning he lad for an hour together made this extravagant noiſe which we then heard. I went up ſtairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole and there I ſaw a well-

well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a ſudden, jump into the air ſo high, that his head almoſt touched the cieling. He came down ſafe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looking again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into ſuch a quivering motion, that I thought he would have ſhaked it off. He uſed the left after the ſame manner; when on a ſudden, to my great ſurprize, he ſtooped himſelf incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble poſture for ſome time, looking on his book. After this he recovered himſelf with a ſudden ſpring and flew round the room in all the violence and diſorder imaginable, till he made a full pauſe for want of breath. In this interim my woman aſked what I thought: I whiſpered, that I thought this learned perſon an enthuſiaſt, who poſſibly had his firſt education in the Peripatetic way, which was a ſect of philoſophers who always ſtudied when walking. But obſerving him much out of breath, I thought it the beſt time to maſter him if he were diſordered, and knocked at his door. I was ſurprized to find him open it, and ſay with great civility, and good mein, that he hoped he had not diſturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and deſired he would pleaſe to let me ſee his book. He did ſo, ſmiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore aſked

asked in what language it was writ. He ſaid, it was one he ſtudied with great application; but it was his profeſſion to teach it, and could not communicate his knowlege without a conſideration. I anſwered, that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himſelf; for his meditation this morning had coſt me three coffee diſhes, and a clean pipe. He ſeemed concerned at that and told me, he was a dancing maſter, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who had taught at an academy in France. He obſerved me at a ſtand, and went on to inform me, that now articulate motions, as well as ſounds, were expreſſed by proper characters; and that there is nothing ſo common as to communicate a dance by a letter. I beſeeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for an artiſt of any other kind to live near him; and that I was ſure, ſeveral of his thoughts this morning would have ſhaken my ſpectacles off my noſe, had I been myſelf at ſtudy.

I then took my leave of this virtuoſo, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

No. 90. SATURDAY, *November* 5. 1709.

——*Amoto quaeramus ſeria ludo.* HOR.

——The joining of pleaſure and pain together in ſuch devices, ſeems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it muſt have proceeded from its being the univerſal ſenſe and experience of mankind, that they have all ſpoken of it in the ſame manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety one ſentences, tending to this ſole purpoſe.

It is certain, there is no other paſſion which does produce ſuch contrary effects in ſo great a degree: but this may be ſaid for love, that if you ſtrike it out of the ſoul, life would be inſipid, and our being but half animated. Human nature would ſink into deadneſs and lethargy, if not quickened with ſome active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to poſſeſs the mind in the abſence of this paſſion, it muſt be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compenſation of ſuch exquiſite pleaſures as thoſe we find in love. The great ſkill is to heighten the ſatisfactions, and deaden the ſorrows of it, which has been the end of

of many of my labours, and ſhall continue to be ſo for the ſervice of the world in general, and in particular of the fair ſex, who are always the beſt or the worſt part of it. It is pity that a paſſion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, ſhould not be cultivated to the utmoſt advantage. Reaſon, prudence, and good-nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accompliſh this great end, provided they have always a real and conſtant love to work upon. But this ſubject I ſhall treat more at large in the hiſtory of my married ſiſter; and in the mean time ſhall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleaſures which attend this paſſion with one of the fineſt allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine Plato, and to ſhew the opinion he himſelf had of it, aſcribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he repreſents as diſcourſing with his friends, and giving the hiſtory of Love in the following manner.

At the birth of Beauty, ſays he, there was a great feaſt made, and many gueſts invited: among the reſt, was the god Plenty, who was the ſon of the goddeſs Prudence, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of Jupiter, which was hung with great variety of ambroſial fruits, and ſeems to have been a very proper retreat for ſuch a gueſt. In the mean time an unhappy female, called Poverty, having heard of this great feaſt,

feaſt, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The firſt place ſhe lights upon was Jupiter's garden, which generally ſtands open to people of all conditions Poverty enters, and by chance finds the god Plenty aſleep in it She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herſelf down by his ſide, and managed matters ſo well that ſhe conceived a child by him. The world was very much in ſuſpence upon the occaſion, and could not imagine to themſelves what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two ſuch parents. At the laſt, the child appears; and who ſhould it be but Love. This infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour what he really was, a compound of oppoſite beings. As he is the ſon of Plenty, who was the offspring of Prudence, he is ſubtle, intriguing, full of ſtratagems and devices; as the ſon of Poverty, he is fawning, begging, ſerenading, delighting to lie at a threſhold, or beneath a window. By the father he is audacious, full of hopes, conſcious of merit, and therefore quick of reſentment; by the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-ſpirited, fearful of offending, and abject in ſubmiſſions. In the ſame hour you may ſee him tranſported with raptures, talking of immortal pleaſures, and appearing ſatisfied as a god; and immediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his compoſition, you behold him pining, languiſhing, deſpairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables,

fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politeſt and the beſt inſtructors of mankind have always made uſe of: they take off from the ſeverity of inſtruction, and inforce it at the ſame time that they conceal it: the ſuppoſing Love to be conceived immediately after the birth of Beauty, the parentage of Plenty, and the inconſiſtency of this paſſion with itſelf ſo naturally derived to it, are great maſter-ſtrokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furniſh out a more pleaſing canto than any in Spenſer.

No. 93. SATURDAY, *November* 12. 1709.

Dear Sir,

'I BELIEVE this is the firſt letter that was 'ever ſent from the middle region, where I 'am at this preſent writing. Not to keep you in 'ſuſpence, it comes to you from the top of the 'higheſt mountain in Switzerland, where I am 'now ſhivering among the eternal froſts and ſnows. 'I can ſcarce forbear dating it in December, 'though they call it the firſt of Auguſt at the 'bottom of the mountain. I aſſure you, I can 'hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle 'of the dog-days. I am here entertained 'with the prettieſt variety of ſnow proſpects that 'you can imagine, and have ſeveral pits of it be-

'fore

'fore me that are very near as old as the moun-
'tain itſelf; for in this country, it is as laſting as
'marble. I am now upon a ſpot of it, which they
'tell me fell about the reign of Charlemain or king
'Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as
'great curioſities as the country itſelf: they
'generally hire themſelves out in their youth,
'and if they are muſquet proof till about fifty,
'they bring home the money they have got, and
'the limbs they have left, to paſs the reſt of their
'time among their native mountains. One of
'the gentlemen of the place, who is come off
'with the loſs of an eye only, told me by way of
'boaſt, that there were now ſeven wooden legs in
'his family: and that for theſe four generations
'there had not been one in his line that carried
'a whole body with him to the grave. I believe
'you will think the ſtile of this letter a little ex-
'traordinary; but the Rehearſal will tell you,
'that *people in clouds muſt not be confined to ſpeak*
'*ſenſe*; and I hope we that are above them may
'claim the ſame privilege. Where-ever I am, I
'ſhall always be,'

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

Moſt humble ſervant.

Fram

From my own apartment, November 11.

I had ſeveral hints and advertiſements from unknown hands, that ſome, who are enemies to my labours, deſign to demand the faſhionable way of ſatisfaction for the diſturbance my lucubrations have given them. I confeſs, as things now ſtand, I do not know how to deny ſuch inviters, and am preparing myſelf accordingly: I have bought pumps and files, and am every morning practiſing in my chamber. My neighbour, the dancing-maſter, has demanded of me, why I take this liberty, ſince I would not allow it him? But I anſwered, His was an act of an indifferent nature, and mine, of neceſſity. My late treatiſes againſt duels have ſo far diſobliged the fraternity of the noble ſcience of defence, that I can get none of them to ſhow me ſo much as one paſs. I am therefore obliged to learn by book, and have accordingly ſeveral volumes, wherein all the poſtures are exactly delineated. I muſt confeſs, I am ſhy of letting people ſee me at this exerciſe, becauſe of my flannel waiſtcoat, and my ſpectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to obſerve the poſture of the enemy.

I have upon my chamber-walls, drawn at full length, the figures of all ſorts of men, from eight foot to three foot two inches. Within this height I take it, that all the fighting

ing men of Great Britain are comprehended. But as I puſh, I make allowances for my being of a lank and ſpare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimenſions; for I ſcorn to rob any man of his life, or to take advantage of his breadth: therefore I preſs purely in a line down from his noſe, and take no more of him to aſſault, than he has of me: for to ſpeak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in carte or in tierce, beyond the dimenſions of the ſaid lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and ſuch a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am ſpare, I am alſo very tall, and behave myſelf with relation to that advantage with the ſame punctilio; and am ready to ſtoop or ſtand, according to the ſtature of my adverſary. I muſt confeſs, I have had great ſucceſs this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the leaſt hurt, except a little ſcratch by falling on my face, in puſhing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered ſo quick, and jumped ſo nimbly into my guard, that if he had been alive he could not have hurt me. It is confeſſed, I have writ againſt duels with ſome warmth; but in all my diſcourſes, I have not ever ſaid, that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it; and

ſince that cuſtom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legiſlative power, with new animadverſions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at preſent. As things ſtand, I ſhall put up no more affronts; and I ſhall be ſo far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I therefore warn all young hot fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if they ſtare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if any woman pretends to look ſcornfully at me, I ſhall demand ſatisfaction of the next of kin of the maſculine gender.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this paper.*

No. 97. Tuesday, *November* 22. 1709.

Illud maxime rarum genus eſt eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, ſpatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potiſſimum vitæ curſum ſequi vellent. Tull. Offic.

From my own apartment, November 21.

HAVING ſwept away prodigious multitudes in one of my late papers, and brought a great deſtruction upon my own ſpecies, I muſt endeavour in this to raiſe freſh recruits, and if poſſible, to ſupply the places of the unborn and the deceaſed. It is ſaid of Xerxes, that when he ſtood upon a hill, and ſaw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burſt out in tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after. For my part, when I take a ſurvey of this populous city, I can ſcarce forbear weeping, to ſee how few of its inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my laſt bill of mortality, and endeavoured to ſet out in it the great number of perſons who have periſhed by

a

a diſtemper, commonly known by the name of idleneſs, which has long raged in the world, and deſtroys more in every great town than the plague has done in Dantzick. To repair the miſchief it has done, and ſtock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life thoſe that are young, than or reviving thoſe that are old. For which reaſon, I ſhall here ſet down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embelliſhed by Socrates. It is the deſcription of Virtue and Pleaſure, making their court to Hercules under the appearance of two beautiful women.

When Hercules, ſays the divine moraliſt, was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to conſider what courſe of life he ought to purſue, he one day retired into a deſart, where the ſilence and ſolitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was muſing on his preſent condition, and very much perplexed in himſelf on the ſtate of life he ſhould chuſe, he ſaw two women of a larger ſtature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and eaſy, her perſon clear and unſpotted, her eyes caſt towards the ground with an agreeable reſerve, her motion and behaviour full of modeſty, and her raiment as white as ſnow. The other had a great

great deal of health and floridneſs in her countenance, which ſhe had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mein, by a mixture of affectation in all her geſtures. She had a wonderful confidence and aſſurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dreſs that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhow her complexion to advantage. She caſt her eyes upon herſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the figure ſhe made in her own ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, ſhe ſtepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular compoſed carriage, and running up to him, accoſted him after the following manner.

My dear Hercules, ſays ſhe, I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuſe: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the poſſeſſion of pleaſure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noiſe and diſquietude of buſineſs. The affairs of either war or peace will have no power to diſturb you. Your whole employment ſhall be to make your life eaſy, and to entertain every ſenſe with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roſes, clouds of perfumes, concerts of muſic, crouds of beauties, are all in a readineſs to receive

ceive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleaſure, and bid farewel for ever to care, to pain, to buſineſs.——

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, deſired to know her name; to which ſhe anſwered, my friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me Happineſs; my enemies, and thoſe who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleaſure.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young hero in a very different manner.

Hercules, ſays ſhe, I offer myſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the gods, and give proofs of that deſcent by your love to virtue, and application to the ſtudies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourſelf and me an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my ſociety and friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſhed truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchaſed without pains and labour. The gods have ſet a price upon every real and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the pains of worſhipping him; if the friendſhip of good men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be

honoured by your country, you muſt take care to ſerve it. In ſhort, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you muſt become maſter of all the qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propoſe happineſs.

The goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe: you ſee, ſaid ſhe, Hercules, by her own confeſſion, the way to her pleaſure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy.

Alas! ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with a paſſion, made up of ſcorn and pity, what are the pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious muſic, which is the praiſe of one's ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries paſs away their youth in a dream of miſtaken pleaſures, while they are hoarding up anguiſh, torment, and remorſe for old-age. As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, an houſhold guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of ſervants, and aſſociate in all true and generous friendſhips. The banquets of my votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for

for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlumbers are ſound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in years; and thoſe who are in years, of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, eſteemed by their country, and, after the cloſe of their labours, honoured by poſterity.

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of theſe two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the juſtice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the ſpeeches of theſe ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleaſure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen; but am particularly pleaſed with the different figures he gives the two goddeſſes. Our modern authors have preſented Pleaſure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in ſnakes and monſters: here ſhe appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all falſe and borrowed; and by that means, compoſes a viſion entirely natural and pleaſing.

I have tranſlated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly

of thoſe who are ſtill in the deplorable ſtate of non-exiſtence, and whom I moſt earneſtly intreat to come into the world. Let my embrios ſhow the leaſt inclination to any ſingle virtue, and I ſhall allow it to be a ſtruggling towards birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the hero in the foregoing ſtory, they ſhould go about as ſoon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's ſkin on their ſhoulders, to root out monſters, and deſtroy tyrants; but, as the fineſt author of all antiquity has ſaid upon this very occaſion, though a man has not the abilities to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the moſt ſhining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being juſt, faithful, modeſt, and temperate.

No. 100. TUESDAY, *November* 29. 1709.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.
VIRG.

Sheer-Lane, November 28.

I WAS laſt week taking a ſolitary walk in the garden of Lincolns Inn, a favour that is indulged me by ſeveral of the benchers who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this

this neighbourhood, when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progreſs in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the ſudden riſe of many perſons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal diſtribution of wealth, honour, and all other bleſſings of life. I was loſt in this thought when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and preſented me with ſuch an hemiſphere of ſtars, as made the moſt agreeable proſpect imaginable to one who delights in the ſtudy of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into ſuch a bright tranſparent aether, as made every conſtellation viſible; and at the ſame time gave ſuch a particular glowing to the ſtars, that I thought it the richeſt ſky I had ever ſeen. I could not behold a ſcene ſo wonderfully adorned and lighted up, if I may be allowed that expreſſion, without ſuitable meditations on the Author of ſuch illuſtrious and amazing objects. For on theſe occaſions, philoſophy ſuggeſts motives to religion, and religion adds pleaſures to philoſophy.

As ſoon as I had recovered my uſual temper and ſerenity of ſoul, I retired to my lodgings with the ſatisfaction of having paſſed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reaſona-

ble creature, and promiſing myſelf that my ſlumbers would be ſweet. I no ſooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or ſaw a viſion, for I know not which to call it, that ſeemed to riſe out of my evening-meditation, and had ſomething in it ſo ſolemn and ſerious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I muſt confeſs, the wildneſs of imagination, which in a dream is always looſe and irregular, diſcovers itſelf too much in ſeveral parts of it.

Methought I ſaw the azure ſky diverſified with the ſame glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell aſleep. I was looking very attentively on that ſign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when on a ſudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the ſun ſhould riſe at midnight. By its increaſing in breadth and luſtre, I ſoon found that it was approaching towards the earth; and at length could diſcern ſomething like a ſhadow hovering in the midſt of a great glory, which in a little time after I diſtinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at firſt it might have been the angel or intelligence that guided the conſtellation from which it deſcended; but upon a nearer view, I ſaw about her all the emblems with which the goddeſs of juſtice is uſually deſcribed. Her countenance was unſpeakably awful and majeſtic, but exquiſitely beautiful to thoſe whoſe eyes were ſtrong

ſtrong enough to behold it; her ſmiles tranſported with rapture, her frowns terrified to deſpair. She held in her hand a mirror, endued with the ſame qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

There ſtreamed from it a light, which diſtinguiſhed itſelf from all the ſplendors that ſurrounded her, more than a flaſh of lightening ſhines in the midſt of day-light. As ſhe moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When ſhe had deſcended ſo low as to be ſeen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more ſupportable, ſhe threw darkneſs and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thouſand beautiful ſhades and colours, and multiplied that luſtre, which was before too ſtrong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a ſpacious plain; ſo that I ſeemed to have all the ſpecies before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this viſit, which was to reſtore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and ſorrow, which appeared in that great aſſembly after this ſolemn declaration, are not to be expreſſed. The firſt edict was then pronounced, *That all titles and claims to riches and e-*

ſtates, or to any part of them, ſhould be immediately veſted in the rightful owner. Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the inſtruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddeſs moved the mirror of Truth which ſhe held in her hand, ſo that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the ſeveral inſtruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of ſetting fire to all forgery and falſhood. The blaze of paper, the melting of ſeals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd ſcene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then ſtopped; though I could not but obſerve, that the flame chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils. The light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and receſſes of the univerſe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or deſign. This occaſioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the ſame time, the ſpoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almoſt reached to the clouds, and was called the Mount of Reſtitution; to which all

all injured perſons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might ſee crouds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dreſſed with lace and embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and poſſeſſions, had no more left than what they uſually ſpent. What moved my concern moſt, was, to ſee a certain ſtreet of the greateſt credit in Europe from one end to the other become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to ſeparate themſelves into their proper families; which was no ſooner done, but an edict was iſſued out, requiring all children *to repair to their true and natural fathers.* This put a great part of the aſſembly into motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inſpired every one with ſuch a natural inſtinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy ſpectacle to ſee the fathers of very large families become childleſs, and bachelors undone by a charge of ſons and daughters. You might ſee a preſumptive heir of a great eſtate aſk bleſſing of his coachman, and a celebrated toaſt paying her duty to a valet de chambre. Many under vows of celibacy appeared ſurrounded with a numerous iſſue. This change

of parentage would have cauſed great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally thoſe who loſt their children, had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them put into the hands of their deareſt friends. Men were no ſooner ſettled in their right to their poſſeſſions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, *That all the poſts of dignity and honour in the univerſe ſhall be conferred on perſons of the greateſt merits, abilities and perfection.* The handſome, the ſtrong and the wealthy, immediately preſſed forward; but not being able to bear the ſplendor of the mirror which played upon their faces, they immediately fall back among the croud: but as the goddeſs tried the multitude by her glaſs, as the eagle does its young ones by the luſtre of the ſun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it who had not diſtinguiſhed himſelf either by virtue, knowledge or capacity in buſineſs, either military, or civil. This ſelect aſſembly was drawn up in the center of a prodigious multitude, which was diffuſed on all ſides, and ſtood obſerving them, as idle people uſed to gather about a regiment that are exerciſing their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the firſt were the men of virtue; in the ſecond, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of buſineſs. It was impoſſible to look at the firſt column without a ſecret veneration,

their

their aſpects were ſo ſweetened with humanity, raiſed with contemplation, emboldened with reſolution, and adorned with the moſt agreeable airs, which are thoſe that proceed from ſecret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to ſeveral of their own body.

In the ſecond column, conſiſting of the men of knowledge, there had been great diſputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at laſt, without poſitive command of the goddeſs who preſided over the aſſembly. She had ſo ordeed it, that men of the greateſt genius and ſtrongeſt ſenſe were placed at the head of the column: behind theſe, were ſuch as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column, were men who had more wit than ſenſe, or more learning than underſtanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of theſe claſſes; but I muſt confeſs, I was very much ſurpriſed to ſee a great body of editors, critics, comentators, and grammarians, meet with ſo very ill a reception. They had formed themſelves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the firſt ſtation in the column of knowledge; but the goddeſs, inſtead of complying with their requeſt, clapped them all into

liveries, and bid them know themſelves for no other but lacqueys of the learned.

The third column were men of buſineſs, and conſiſting of perſons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the reſt, and placed themſelves in the front, at which the others ſhook their heads at them, but did not think fit to diſpute the poſt with them. I could not but make ſeveral obſervations upon this laſt column of people; but I have certain private reaſons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the poſts of honour, dignity, and profit, thee was a draught made out of each column, of men who were maſters of all three qualifications in ſome degree, and were preferred to ſtations of the firſt rank. The ſecond draught was mad out of ſuch as were poſſeſſed of any two of the qualifications, who were diſpoſed of in ſtations of a ſecond dignity. Thoſe who were left and were endued only with one of them, had their ſuitable poſts. When this was over, there remained many places of truſt and profit unfilled, for which there were freſh draughts mad out of the ſurrounding multitude, who had any appearance of theſe excellencies, or were recommended by thoſe who poſſeſſed them in reality.

All were ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many new faces in the moſt eminent dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleaſed to ſee that all my friends

friends either kept their preſent poſts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with thoſe particulars of mankind, I muſt reſerve for another occaſion the ſequel of it, which relates to the fair ſex.

No. 101. THURSDAY, *December* 1. 1709.

———Poſtquam fregit ſubſellia verſu
Eſurit intactam Paridi niſi vendit Agaven.
JUV.

From my own apartment, November 20.

THE progreſs of my intended account of what happened when Juſtice viſited mortals, is at preſent interrupted by the obſervation and ſenſe of an injuſtice againſt which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the ſubject, than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a moſt impregnable ſet of mortals, men who are rogues within the law; and in the very commiſſion of what they are guilty of, profeſſedly own, that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being puniſhed for it. Theſe miſcreants are a ſet of wretches we authors

authors call pirates, who print any book, poem, or ſermon, as ſoon as it appears in the world, in a ſmaller volume, and ſell it, as all other thieves do ſtolen goods, at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them raſcals, plunderers, robbers, highwaymen—But they acknowledge all that, and are pleaſed with thoſe as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themſelves to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loſs how to act againſt ſuch open enemies, who have not ſhame to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended againſt what we can ſay, as what we can do. Railing therefore we muſt turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I conſider that all the labours of my long life may be diſappointed by the firſt man that pleaſes to rob me. I had flattered myſelf, that my ſtock of learning was worth 1500 l. per annum, which would very handſomely maintain me and my little family, who are ſo happy or ſo wiſe as to want only neceſſaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an eſtate to have a competency of underſtanding

An ingenious drole, who is ſince dead, and indeed it is well for him he is ſo, for he muſt have ſtarved had he lived to this day, uſed to give me an account of his good huſbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general

general dealer, and had his amuſements as well comical as ſerious. The merry rogue ſaid, when he wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of table-talk, and his bookſeller upon ſight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would pleaſe the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the ſeaſon of the year in his writings. His brain, which was his eſtate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November till the opening of the campaign, he writ pamphlets and letters to members of parliament, or friends in the country: but ſometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon ſtrange and lamentable accidents. A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy; and a monſter well writ, was two guineas the loweſt price. This prepared his readers for his great and bloody news from Flanders in June and July. Poor Tom! He is gone———But I obſerved, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honeſt careleſs fellow lived till now, fame had ſtared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it muſt be a ſolid affliction to all thoſe whoſe pen is their portion.

As for my part, I do not ſpeak wholly for my own

own ſake in this point; for palmiſtry and aſtrology will bring me in greater gains than theſe my papers; ſo that I am only in the condition of a lawyer, who leaves the bar for chamber practice. However, I may be allowed to ſpeak in the cauſe of learning itſelf, and lament, that a liberal education is the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable. All mechanic artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invaſion; but he that has ſeparated himſelf from the reſt of mankind, and ſtudied the wonders of the creation, the government of his paſſions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life ſpent in ſuch noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is expoſed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and juſt reflection, that he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the ſame time that he beſt deſerves it.

According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of thoſe who ſucceed in it; and by this meaſure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than perſons brought up to letters. A learned education, paſſing through great ſchools and univerſities, is very expenſive, and conſumes a moderate fortune before it is gone through in its proper

per forms. The purchaſe of an handſome commiſſion or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we conſider this expenſive voyage which is undertaken in the ſearch of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any conſiderable merchandiſe, how leſs frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit: how hard is it, that the very ſmall number who are diſtinguiſhed with abilities to know how to vend their wares, to have the good fortune to bring them into port, ſhould ſuffer being plundered by privateers under the very cannon that ſhould protect them! The moſt eminent and uſeful author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely revenue in works of charity and beneficence, as became the greatneſs of his mind, and the ſanctity of his character, would have left the perſon in the world who was the deareſt to him in a narrow condition, had not the ſale of his immortal writings brought her in a very conſiderable dowry; though it was impoſſible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late archbiſhop of Canterbury, the copy of which was ſold for 2500 l.

I do not ſpeak with a relation to any party; but it has happened, and may often ſo happen, that men of great learning and virtue cannot qualify

qualify themſelves for being employed in buſineſs, or receiving preferments. In this caſe, you cut them off from all ſupport, if you take from them the benefit that may ariſe from their writings. For my own part, I have brought myſelf to conſider things in ſo unprejudiced a manner, that I eſteem more a man who can live by the product of his underſtanding, than one who does it by the favour of great men.

The zeal of an author has tranſported me thus far, though I think myſelf as much concerned in the capacity of a reader. If this practice goes on, we muſt never expect to ſee again a beautiful edition of a book in Great Britain.

We have already ſeen the memoirs of Sir William Temple publiſhed in the ſame character and volume with the hiſtory of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greateſt poets ſhrunk into penny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to ſee my lucubrations printed on browner paper than they are at preſent; and if the humour continues, muſt be forced to retrench my expenſive way of living, and not ſmoke above two pipes a day.

Sir Richard Steele *joined in this paper.*

No. 102. SATURDAY, *December* 3. 1709.

From my own apartment, December 3.

A continuation of the Viſion.

THE male world were diſmiſſed by the goddeſs of Juſtice, and diſappeared, when on a ſudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unſpeakable pleaſure; and as the celeſtial light of the mirror ſhone upon their faces, ſeveral of them ſeemed rather perſons that deſcended in the train of the goddeſs, than ſuch who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confuſion of voices, in this new aſſembly, was ſo very great, that the goddeſs was forced to command ſilence ſeveral times, and with ſome ſeverity, before ſhe could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all ſenſible, that the moſt important affair among womankind was then to be ſettled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raiſed innumerable diſputes among them, and put the whole ſex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretenſions. Birth, beauty, wit, or wealth, were words that

that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boaſted of the merit of their huſband; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unſpotted virginity; others their numerous iſſue Some valued themſelves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters, of conſiderable perſons. There was not a ſingle accompliſhment unmentioned, or unpractiſed. The whole congregation was full of ſinging, dancing, toſſing, ogling, ſqueaking, ſmiling, ſighing, fawning, frowning, and all thoſe irreſiſtible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reaſonable creatures. The goddeſs, to end this diſpute, cauſed it to be proclaimed, *That every one ſhould take place according as ſhe was more or leſs beautiful.* This declaration gave great ſatisfaction to the whole aſſembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themſelves graceful in their motion, found an occaſion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a falſe ſtep, that they might ſhow their perſons in the moſt becoming air. Such as had fine necks and boſoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and obſerve the moſt diſtant parts of the aſſembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their ſight to look upon the glories that ſurrounded the goddeſs, but in reality to ſhow fine hands and arms.

The

The ladies were yet better pleaſed when they heard, that in the deciſion of this great controverſy, each of them ſhould be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herſelf, when ſhe conſulted her looking-glaſs.

The goddeſs then let down the mirror of truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it deſcended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glaſs to baniſh all falſe appearances, and ſhow people what they are. The whole woman was repreſented, without regard to the uſual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In ſhort, the moſt accompliſhed, taking in the whole circle of female perfections, were the moſt beautiful; and the moſt defective, the moſt deformed. The goddeſs ſo varied the motion of the glaſs, and placed it in ſo many different lights, that each had an opportunity of ſeeing herſelf in it.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the rage, the pleaſure, or aſtoniſhment, that appeared in each face upon its repreſentation in the mirror: multitudes ſtarted at their own form, and would have broke the glaſs if they could have reached it. Many ſaw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their ſelf-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady

lady who was thought ſo agreeable in her anger, and was ſo often celebrated for a woman of fire and ſpirit, was frighted at her own image, and fancied ſhe ſaw a fury in the glaſs. The intereſted miſtreſs beheld a harpy, and the ſubtle jilt a ſphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to ſee ſuch a deſtruction of fine faces; but at the ſame time had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſeveral improved, which I had before looked upon as the greateſt maſter-pieces of nature. I obſerved that ſome few were ſo humbled as to be ſurprized at their own charms; and that many a one who had lived in the retirement and ſeverity of a veſtal, ſhined forth in all the graces and attractions of a ſyren. I was raviſhed at the ſight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the moſt beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was ſomething more than human in her countenance. Her eyes were ſo full of light, that they ſeemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with ſuch a florid bloom, as did not ſo properly ſeem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her ſhape, her ſtature, and her mein, were ſuch as diſtinguiſhed her even there where the whole fair ſex was aſſembled.

I was impatient to ſee the lady repreſented by ſo divine an image, whom I found to be the perſon that ſtood at my right hand, and in the ſame point of view with myſelf. This was a little old woman,

woman, who in her prime had been about five foot high, though at preſent ſhrunk to about three quarters of that meaſure. Her natural aſpect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had obſerved all along an innocent chearfulneſs in her face, which was now heightened into rapture as ſhe beheld herſelf in the glaſs. It was an odd circumſtance in my dream, but I cannot forbear relating it, I conceived ſo great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of diſcourſing her upon the point of marriage, when on a ſudden ſhe was carried from me: for the word was now given, that all, who were pleaſed with their own images, ſhould ſeparate, and place themſelves at the head of their ſex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, conſiſting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and the widows on the left; though it was with difficulty that theſe two laſt bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This ſeparation of thoſe, who liked their real ſelves, not having leſſened the number of the main body ſo conſiderably as it might have been wiſhed, the goddeſs, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new diſtinctions among thoſe who did not like the figure which they ſaw in it. She made ſeveral wholeſome edicts, which are ſlipt out of my mind;

mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great ſeverity. Their deſign was, to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of thoſe who are very ſevere on the conduct of others, and of thoſe who are very regardleſs of their own. The firſt ſentence therefore the goddeſs pronounced, was, *That all females addicted to cenſoriouſneſs and detraction, ſhould loſe the uſe of ſpeech:* a puniſhment which would be the moſt grievous to the offender, and, what ſhould be the end of all puniſhments, effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as ſoon executed as publiſhed, the noiſe of the aſſembly very conſiderably abated. It was a melancholy ſpectacle, to ſee ſo many who had the reputation of rigid virtue ſtruck dumb. A lady who ſtood by me, and ſaw my concern, told me, ſhe wondered how I could be concerned for ſuch a pack of———I found, by the ſhaking of her head, ſhe was going to give me their characters; but by her ſaying no more, I perceived ſhe had loſt the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a ſhort way to being virtuous, by ſhowing that others are vicious. The ſecond ſentence was then pronounced againſt the looſe part of the ſex, *That all ſhould immediately be*

be pregnant who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed ſo many miſconducts, that made thoſe who were lately ſtruck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of utterance, though at the ſame time, as afflictions ſeldom come ſingle, many of the mutes were alſo ſeized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in ſuch a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all ſides. It was a ſenſible affliction to me, to ſee ſuch a multitude of fair ones either dumb or big-bellied: but I was ſomething more at eaſe, when I found that they agreed upon ſeveral regulations to cover ſuch misfortunes. Among others that it ſhould be an eſtabliſhed maxim in all nations, that a woman's firſt child might come into the world within ſix months after her acquaintance with her huſband; and that grief might retard the birth of her laſt till fourteen months after his deceaſe.

The viſion laſted till my uſual hour of waking, which I did with ſome ſurprize, to find myſelf alone, after having been engaged almoſt a whole night in ſo prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my viſion; which according to my thoughts, has not done juſtice to the ſex If

virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expreſſed in his Paradiſe Loſt, where Adam, ſpeaking of Eve, after having aſſerted his own pre-eminence, as being firſt in creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following rapture:

———Yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf complete, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt.
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded. Wiſdom, in diſcourſe with her,
Loſes, diſcountenanced, and like folly ſhows.
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind and nobleneſs, their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

No. 103. Tuesday, *December* 6. 1709.

——Hæ nugæ ſeria ducunt
In mala, deriſum ſemel exceptumque ſiniſtre.
Hor

From my own apartment, December 5.

THERE is nothing gives a man greater ſatisfaction, than the ſenſe of having diſpatched a great deal of buſineſs, eſpecially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleaſure of this kind upon my ſpirits at preſent, occaſioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through laſt Saturday. It is ſome time ſince I ſet apart that day for examining the pretenſions of ſeveral who had applied to me, for canes, perſpective-glaſſes, ſnuff-boxes, orange-flower-waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjuſt this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie of Beauford-buildings to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words:

You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to paſs and repaſs through the ſtreets and ſuburbs of London, or any place with-

in ten miles of it, without let or moleſtation; provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandiſh it in the air, or hang it on a button: in which caſe it ſhall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who ſhall think it ſafe to take it from him.

Iſaac Bickerſtaffe.

The ſame form, differing only in the proviſos, will ſerve for a perſpective, ſnuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myſelf in my elbow-chair at the upper end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint ſtool with a writing-deſk before him. John Morphew alſo took his ſtation at the door; I having, for his good and faithful ſervices, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court-days. He let me know that there was a great number attending without. Upon which, I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to ſit upon ſnuff-boxes that day; but that thoſe who appeared for canes might enter. The firſt preſented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr Lillie to read.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaffe, Eſq; Cenſor of Great Britain.

The humble petition of Simon Trippit,

Sheweth,

" That your petitioner having been bred up

" to

" to a cane from his youth, it is now become
" as neceſſary to him as any other of his limbs.
" That a great part of his behaviour depend-
" ing upon it, he ſhould be reduced to the ut-
" moſt neceſſities if he ſhould loſe the uſe of it.
" That the knocking of it upon his ſhoe,
" leaning one leg upon it, or whiſtling with it
" on his mouth, are ſuch great reliefs to him
" in converſation, that he does not know how to
" be good company without it.
" That he is at preſent engaged in an amour,
" and muſt deſpair of ſucceſs, if it be taken
" from him.
" Your petitioner therefore hopes, that, the
" premiſſes tenderly conſidered, your worſhip
" will not deprive him of ſo uſeful and ſo ne-
" ceſſary a ſupport."

And your petitioner ſhall ever, *etc.*

Upon the hearing of his caſe, I was touched with ſome compaſſion, and the more ſo, when upon obſerving him nearer I found he was a prig. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did ſo, and I finding it to be very curiouſly clouded, with a tranſparent amber head, and a blue ribbon to hang upon his wriſt, I immediately ordered my clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permit-

ted him to wear it three days in the week, and to abate proportionably till he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared, came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, that he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of Dr. Thomas Smith in King-street, my own corn-cutter, who attended in an outward room; and wrought so speedy a cure

cure upon him, that I thought fit to ſend him alſo away without his cane.

While I was thus diſpenſing juſtice, I heard a noiſe in my outward room; and enquiring what was the occaſion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was paſſing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively freſh coloured young man, who made great reſiſtance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make uſe of his cane, which hung on his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford ſcholar, who was juſt entered at the Temple. He at firſt diſputed the juriſdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, that he looked upon ſuch a perpendicular creature as a man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. It is well known, ſays he, we ought, according to the natural ſituation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wiſdom of the ancients had deſcribed man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a cane might very properly become part of us in ſome period of life. Upon which I aſked him, whether he wore it at his breaſt to have it in readineſs when that period ſhould arrive? My young lawyer immediately told me, he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he

pleaſed, and to make uſe of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it: and further ſaid, that he never took it off his button, unleſs it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumſtances of a ſtory, or for other ſervices of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for diſcouraging a young man, who, I ſaw, would come to good; and becauſe his heart was ſet upon his new purchaſe. I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, inſtead of hanging it upon his button, and ſo diſmiſſed him.

There were ſeveral appeared in court, whoſe pretenſions I found to be very good, and therefore gave many their licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameneſs than I had before allowed them.

Having diſpatched this ſet of my petitioners, there came in a well-dreſſed man, with a glaſs-tube in one hand and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right ſide of the wig, put forward his right leg, and advancing the glaſs to his right eye, aimed it directly to me. In the mean while, to make my obſervations alſo, I put on my ſpectacles: in which poſture we ſurveyed each other for ſome time. Upon the removal of our glaſſes, I deſired him to read his petition, which he did very promptly

promptly and eaſily; though at the ſame time it ſet forth, that he could ſee nothing diſtinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, that he might be permitted to ſtrengthen and extend his ſight by a glaſs. In anſwer to this, I told him, he might ſometimes extend it to his own deſtruction. As you are now, ſaid I, you are out of the reach of beauty; the ſhafts of the fineſt eyes loſe their force before they can come at you; you cannot diſtinguiſh a toaſt from an orange-wench: you can ſee a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to diſcompoſe you. In ſhort, what are ſnares for others———My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very ſeriouſly, Mr. Bickerſtaffe, you quite miſtake your man; it is the joy, the pleaſure, the employment of my life, to frequent public aſſemblies, and gaze upon the fair. In a word, I found his uſe of a glaſs was occaſioned by no other infirmity but his vanity, and was not ſo much deſigned to make him ſee, as to make him be ſeen and diſtinguiſhed by others. I therefore refuſed him a licence for a perſpective, but allowed him a pair of ſpectacles, with full permiſſion to uſe them in any public aſſembly as he ſhould think fit. He was followed by ſo very few of this order of men, that I have reaſon to hope this ſort of cheats are almoſt at an end.

The orange flower-men appeared next with petitions, perfumed ſo ſtrongly with muſk, that I was almoſt overcome with the ſcent; and for my own ſake was obliged forthwith to licenſe their handkerchiefs, eſpecially when I found they had ſweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that ſome of their perſons would not be altogether inoffenſive without them. John Morphew, whom I have made general of my dead men, acquainted me, that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it if I required it. I was ſo well pleaſed with this way of their embalming themſelves, that I commanded the aboveſaid Morphew to give it in orders to his whole army, that every one who did not ſurrender himſelf up to be diſpoſed of by the upholders, ſhould uſe the ſame method to keep himſelf ſweet during his preſent ſtate of putrefaction.

I finiſhed my ſeſſion with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however ſlightly men may regard theſe particularities and little follies in dreſs and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for ſuch ſingularities, teaches us inſenſibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear public cenſure for things which more ſubſtantially deſerve it. By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes render a man ſo ridiculous, as diſcredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify

unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Beſides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind; and, what is worſt of all, the certain indication of ſome ſecret flaw in the mind of the perſon that commits them. When I was a young man I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt, and a hanger inſtead of a faſhionable ſword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I ſuſpected him at firſt ſight to have ſomething wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to diſcover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for ſix and thirty years, when at laſt, to the ſurprize of every body but myſelf, who had long expected to ſee the folly break out, he married his own cook-maid.

Sir Richard Steele *joined in this paper.*

No. 108. SATURDAY, *December* 17. 1709.

Pronaque cum ſpectant animalia cætera terram,
Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Juſſit.——— Ovid. Met.

Sheer-Lane, December 16.

IT is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-diſpoſed lights, with proper forms and orders in aſſemblies, have upon ſome tempers. I am ſure I feel it in ſo extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or diſagreeable impreſſion which I receive on ſuch occaſions. For this reaſon, I frequently look in at the play-houſe, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with ſome new ideas, that may be ſerviceable to me in my lucubrations.

In this diſpoſition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myſelf in a corner of it, very convenient for ſeeing, without being myſelf obſerved. I found the audience huſhed in a very deep attention, and did not queſtion but ſome noble tragedy was juſt then in its criſis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an hero. When I

was

was in this ſuſpence, expecting every moment to ſee my friend Mr. Betterton appear in all the majeſty of diſtreſs, to my unſpeakable amazement, there came up a monſter with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raiſed himſelf on one leg in ſuch a perpendicular poſture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twiſted itſelf into the motions and wreathings of ſeveral different animals, and after great variety of ſhapes and transformations, went off the ſtage in the figure of an human creature. The admiration, the applauſe, the ſatisfaction of the audience, during this ſtrange entertainment, is not to be expreſſed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with ſome apprehenſion for fear any foreigner ſhould be preſent. Is it poſſible, thought I, that human nature can rejoice in its diſgrace, and take pleaſure in ſeeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and diſtorted into forms that raiſe horror and averſion? There is ſomething diſingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear ſuch a ſight. Men of elegant and noble minds are ſhocked at ſeeing the characters of perſons who deſerve eſteem for virtue, knowledge, or ſervices to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by miſrepreſentation made the ſubject of buffoonry. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that thoſe who

who have nothing but the outward figure to diſtinguiſh them as men, ſhould delight in ſeeing it abuſed, vilified, and diſgraced.

I muſt confeſs, there is nothing that more pleaſes me, in all that I read in books, or ſee among mankind, than ſuch paſſages as repreſent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has ſomething in him very great and very mean: a ſkilful artiſt may draw an excellent picture of him in either view. The fineſt authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous ſide. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the ſoul, raiſe in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thouſand other ancient moraliſts, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modiſh French authors, or thoſe of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for ſome time out of humour with myſelf, and at every thing about me. Their buſineſs is, to depreciate human nature, and conſider it under its worſt appearances. They give mean interpretations and baſe motives to the worthieſt actions; they

they reſolve virtue and vice into conſtitution. In ſhort, they endeavour to make no diſtinction between man and man, between the ſpecies of men and that of brutes. As an inſtance of this kind of authors among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefaucault, who is the great philoſopher for adminiſtering of conſolation to the idle, the envious, and worthleſs part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate underſtanding, but great vivacity, who by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little ſmattering knowledge, juſt enough to make an atheiſt or a free-thinker, but not a philoſopher or a man of ſenſe. With theſe accompliſhments, he went to viſit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honeſt man, and wiſe, though not learned. The ſon, who took all opportunities to ſhow his learning, began to eſtabliſh a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowneſs of their country notions; in which he ſucceeded ſo well, that he had ſeduced the butler by his table-talk, and ſtaggered his eldeſt ſiſter. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the ſchiſms that aroſe among his children, but did not yet believe his ſon's doctrine to be ſo pernicious as it really was, till one day talking of his ſetting-dog, the ſon ſaid he did not think but Trey was as immortal as any one of the family: and in the heat of the argument told

told his father, that for his own part, he expected to die like a dog. Upon which, the old man, ſtarting up in a very great paſſion, cried out, then, ſirrah, you ſhall live like one; and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his ſyſtem. This had ſo good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher in the Middle Temple.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the ſtory with a deſign to engage the ſecular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itſelf in affairs of opinion and ſpeculation, it ought to do it on ſuch ſhallow and deſpicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable proſpects of his being, and deſtroy thoſe principles which are the ſupport, happineſs, and glory, of all public ſocieties, as well as private perſons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's golden ſayings, *That a man ſhould take care above all things to have a due reſpect for himſelf:* And it is certain, that this licentious ſort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavoured to diſappoint and undo what the moſt refined ſpirits have been labouring to advance ſince the beginning of the world. The very deſign of dreſs, good-breeding, outward ornaments, and ceremony, was to lift up human nature, and to ſet it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting,

ing, and ſtatuary, were invented with the ſame deſign; as indeed every art and ſcience contributes to the embelliſhment of life, and to the wearing off or throwing into ſhades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the reſt, as may be ſeen in the following paſſage, taken out of Sir Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning, which gives a truer and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

'Poetry, eſpecially heroical, ſeems to be 'raiſed altogether from a noble foundation, 'which makes much for the dignity of man's 'nature. For ſeeing this ſenſible world is in 'dignity inferior to the ſoul of man, poeſy ſeems 'to endue human nature with that which hiſto- 'ry denies; and to give ſatisfaction to the 'mind, with at leaſt the ſhadow of things where 'the ſubſtance cannot be had. For if the 'matter be thoroughly conſidered, a ſtrong ar- 'gument may be drawn from poeſy, that a more 'ſtately greatneſs of things, a more perfect or- 'der, and a more beautiful variety, delights 'the ſoul of man, than any way can be found 'in nature ſince the fall. Wherefore ſeeing 'the acts and events, which are the ſubjects 'of true hiſtory, are not of that amplitude as 'to content the mind of man; poeſy is ready 'at hand to feign acts more heroical. Becauſe

'true

'true history report the successes of business 'not proportionable to the merits of virtues and 'vices, poesy corrects it, and presents events 'and fortunes according to desert, and accord-'ing to the law of providence: because true 'history, through the frequent satiety and simi-'litude of things, works a distaste and mispri-'sion in the mind of man, poesy cheareth and 'refresheth the soul, chanting things rare and 'various, and full of vicissitudes. So as poesy 'serveth and conferreth to delectation, magna-'nimity, and morality; and therefore it may 'seem deservedly to have some participation of 'divineness, because it doth raise the mind, and 'exalt the spirit with high raptures, by propor-'tioning the shews of things to the desires of 'the mind; and not submitting the mind to 'things, as reason and history do. And by 'these allurements and congruities, whereby it 'cherisheth the soul of man, joined also with 'concerts of music, whereby it may more sweet-'ly insinuate itself, it hath won such access, 'that it hath been in estimation even in rude 'times, and barbarous nations, when other 'learning stood excluded.'

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatness and dignity of human nature so much as religion, which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind,

mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

No. 110. THURSDAY, *December* 22. 1709.

——*Quæ lucis miſeris tam dira cupido?* VIRG.

Sheer-Lane, December 21.

AS ſoon as I had placed myſelf in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk Mr. Lillie to read to the aſſembly, who were gathered together according to notice, a certain declaration, by way of charge, to open the purpoſe of my ſeſſion, which tended only to this explanation, that as other courts were often called to demand the execution of perſons dead in law, ſo this was held to give the laſt orders relating to thoſe who are dead in reaſon. The ſolicitor of the new company of upholders near the Hay Market appeared in behalf of that uſeful ſociety, and brought in an accuſation of a young woman, who herſelf ſtood at the bar before me. Mr Lillie read her indictment, which was in ſubſtance, that whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pinduſt, of the pariſh of St. Martin in the Fields, had by the uſe of one inſtrument called a looking-glaſs, and by the further uſe of certain

certain attire, made either of cambric, muſlin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to ſuch an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that ſhe ſaid Rebecca had put to death ſeveral young men of the ſaid pariſh; and that the ſaid young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called love-letters (which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and ſealed with a particular wax, with certain amours and enchanting words wrought upon the ſaid ſeals) that they died for the ſaid Rebecca: and whereas the ſaid Rebecca perſiſted in the ſaid evil practice; this way of life the ſaid ſociety conſtrued to be, according to former edicts, a ſtate of death, and demanded an order for the interment of the ſaid Rebecca.

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and deſired her to make anſwer to what was ſaid againſt her She ſaid, it was indeed true, that ſhe had practiſed all the arts and means ſhe could to diſpoſe of herſelf happily in marriage, but thought ſhe did not come under the cenſure expreſſed in my writings for the ſame; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accuſers, who, according to their own words, had rather repreſented her killing, than dead. She further alledged, that the expreſſions mentioned in the papers written to her, were become mere words, and that ſhe had

had been always ready to marry any of thoſe who ſaid they died for her; but that they made their eſcape as ſoon as they found themſelves pitied or believed. She ended her diſcourſe, by deſiring I would for the future ſettle the meaning of the words, *I die*, in the letters of love.

Mrs. Pinduſt behaved herſelf with ſuch an air of innocence, that ſhe eaſily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occaſion, I gave it as a ſtanding rule, that any perſon, who in any letter, billet, or diſcourſe, ſhould tell a women he died for her, ſhould, if ſhe pleaſed, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon ſuch their own confeſſion, without bail or mainprize.

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read; in which were the following words; *Cruel creature, I die for you.* It was obſervable that he took ſnuff all the time his accuſation was reading. I aſked him, how he came to uſe theſe words, if he were not a dead man? He told me, he was in love with a lady, and did not know any other way of telling her ſo; and that all his acquaintance took the ſame method. Though I was moved with compaſſion towards him by reaſon of the weakneſs of his parts, yet for example's ſake I was forced to anſwer, your

ſentence

ſentence ſhall be a warning to all the reſt of your companions; not to tell lies for want of wit. Upon this he began to beat his ſnuff-box with a very ſaucy air; and opening it again, Faith, Iſaac, ſaid he, thou art a very unaccountable old fellow———Prithee, who gave thee power of life and death? What-a-pox haſt thou to do with ladies and lovers? I ſuppoſe thou wouldſt have a man be in company with his miſtreſs, and ſay nothing to her. Doſt thou call breaking a jeſt telling a lie? Ha! Is that thy wiſdom, old Stiffrump, ha! He was going on with this inſipid common-place mirth, ſometimes opening his box, ſometimes ſhutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanſhip of the hinge, when, in the midſt of his eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately ſtruck ſpeechleſs, and carried off ſtone-dead.

The next who appeared, was a hale old fellow of ſixty. He was brought in by his relations, who deſired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a diſtinct account of the priſoner, a credible witneſs depoſed, that he always roſe at ten of the clock, played with his cat till twelve, ſmoked tobacco till one, was at dinner till two, then took another pipe, played at backgammon till ſix, talked of one Madam Frances an old miſtreſs of his, till eight, repeated the ſame account at the tavern till ten, then returned home,

took

took the other pipe, and then to bed. I aſked him, what he had to ſay for himſelf? As to what, ſaid he, they mention concerning Madam Frances——I did not care for hearing a Canterbury tale, and therefore thought myſelf ſeaſonably interrupted by a young gentleman who appeared in the behalf of the old man, and prayed an arreſt of judgment; for that he the ſaid young man held certain lands by his the ſaid old man's life. Upon this the ſolicitor of the upholders took an occaſion to demand him alſo, and thereupon produced ſeveral evidences that witneſſed to his life and converſation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themſelves and to the public. They roſe at the ſame hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window; while the old man was ſmoking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dreſſing; while one was at backgammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of Madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toaſting women whom he never converſed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for any thing; the old man, a man of worth before he knew Madam Frances. Upon the whole I ordered them both to be interred together, with inſcriptions

proper

proper to their characters, ſignifying, that the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709. And over the young one it was ſaid, that he departed this world in the 25th year of his death.

The next claſs of criminals, were authors in proſe and verſe. Thoſe of them who had produced any ſtill-born work were immediately diſmiſſed to their burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithſtanding ſome ſprightly iſſue in their life-time, had given proofs of their death, by ſome poſthumous children, that bore no reſemblance to their elder brethren. As for thoſe who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the laſt to be a live child, they eſcaped with life, but not without loſs of limbs; for in this caſe I was ſatisfied with amputation of the parts which were mortified.

Theſe were followed by a great croud of ſuperannuated benchers of the inns of court, ſenior fellows of colleges, and defunct ſtateſmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the reſt a reprieve for one year, with a promiſe of a free pardon in caſe of reſuſcitation.

There were ſtill great multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the court; not without the ſecret pleaſure that I had done

done my duty, and furniſhed out an handſome execution.

Going out of the court, I received a letter, informing me, that in purſuance of the edict of Juſtice in one of my late viſions, all thoſe of the fair ſex began to appear pregnant who had ran any hazard of it; as was manifeſt by a particular ſwelling in the petticoats of ſeveral ladies in and about this great city. I muſt confeſs I do not attribute the riſing of this part of the dreſs to this occaſion, yet muſt own, that I am very much diſpoſed to be offended with ſuch a new and unaccountable faſhion. I ſhall however pronounce nothing upon it, till I have examined all that can be ſaid for and againſt it. And in the mean time think fit to give this notice to the ladies who are now making up their winter-ſuits, that they may abſtain from all dreſſes of that kind, till they ſhall find what judgment will be paſſed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they ſhould put themſelves to an unneceſſary expence; and I could not but think myſelf to blame, if I ſhould hereafter forbid them the wearing of ſuch garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonitions.

Sir Richard Steele *joined in this paper.*

No. III. SATURDAY, *December* 24. 1709.

——*Procul O! procul eſte profani!* VIRG.

Sheer-Lane, December 23.

THE watchman, who does me particular honours, as being the chief man in the lane, gave ſo very great a thump at my door laſt night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myſelf complimented with the uſual ſalutation of, *Good morrow, Mr. Bickerſtaffe, good morrow, my maſters all.* The ſilence and darkneſs of the night diſpoſed me to be more than ordinarily ſerious; and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects, by the avocations of ſenſe, my thoughts naturally fell upon myſelf. I was conſidering, amidſt the ſtilneſs of the night, what was the proper employment of a thinking being? what were the perfections it ſhould propoſe to itſelf? and, what the end it ſhould aim at? My mind is of ſuch a particular caſt, that the falling of a ſhower of rain, or the whiſtling of wind, at ſuch a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with ſomething awful

ful and ſolemn. I was in this diſpoſition, when our bellman began his midnight homily (which he has been repeating to us every winter night for theſe twenty years) with the uſual exordium,

Oh! mortal man, thou that art born in ſin!

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themſelves juſt and reaſonable, however debaſed by the circumſtances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of gallantry, politeneſs, and ridicule. The temper which I now found myſelf in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of thoſe lines of Shakeſpeare, wherein, according to his agreeable wildneſs of imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of poetry. In the tragedy of Hamlet, where the ghoſt vaniſhes upon the cock's crowing, he takes occaſion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about Chriſtmas time, and to inſinuate a kind of religious veneration for that ſeaſon.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long;

And then, ſay they, no ſpirit dares walk abroad:
The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm:
So hallowed, and ſo gracious is the time.

This admirable author, as well as the beſt and greateſt men of all ages, and of all nations, ſeems to have had his mind thoroughly ſeaſoned with religion, as is evident by many paſſages in his plays, that would not be ſuffered by a modern audience; and are therefore certain inſtances, that the age he lived in had a much greater ſenſe of virtue than the preſent.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection to conſider, that the Britiſh nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its councils and conqueſts than it ever was before, ſhould diſtinguiſh itſelf by a certain looſeneſs of principles, and a falling off from thoſe ſchemes of thinking, which conduce to the happineſs and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few ſolemn blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and ſerioufneſs of apoſtles, to extirpate common ſenſe, and propagate infidelity. Theſe are the wretches, who, without any ſhow of wit, learning, or reaſon, publiſh their crude conceptions with the ambition of appearing more wiſe than the reſt of mankind, upon no other pretence, than that of diſſenting from them.

them. One gets by heart a catalogue of little pages and editions; and immediately to become conſpicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues againſt the immortality of the ſoul. I have known many a little wit, in the oſtentation of his parts, rally the truth of the ſcripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. Theſe poor wretches talk blaſphemy for want of diſcourſe, and are rather the objects of ſcorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the grave diſputant, that reads, and writes, and ſpends all his time in convincing himſelf and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government, as a blot to a civil ſociety, and a defamer of mankind. I love to conſider an infidel, whether diſtinguiſhed by the title of deiſt, atheiſt, or free-thinker, in three different lights, in his ſolitudes, his afflictions, and his laſt moments.

A wiſe man, that lives up to the principles of reaſon and virtue, if one conſiders him in his ſolitude, as taking in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, obſerving the mutual dependence and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his paſſions, or ſwelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greateſt conqueror amidſt the pomps and ſolemnities of a triumph. On the

contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an atheiſt in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation: he can only conſider himſelf as an inſignificant figure in a landſkip, and wandering up and down in a field or meadow, under the ſame terms as the meaneſt animal about him, and as ſubject to as total a mortality as they, with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongſt them who lie under the apprehenſion of it.

In diſtreſs, he muſt be of all creatures the moſt helpleſs and forlorn; he feels the whole preſſure of a preſent calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is paſſed, or the proſpect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greateſt bleſſing that he propoſes to himſelf, and an halter or a piſtol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of theſe gloomy miſcreants in his pooreſt figure, you muſt conſider him under the terrors, or at the approach of death.

About thirty years ago I was a ſhipboard with one of theſe vermin, when there aroſe a briſk gale, which could frighten no body but himſelf. Upon the rowling of the ſhip he fell upon his knees, and confeſſed to the chaplain, that he had been a vile atheiſt, and had denied a ſupreme being ever ſince he came to his eſtate. The good man was aſtoniſhed, and a report immediately ran through the ſhip, that there was an atheiſt upon

upon the upper-deck. Several of the common ſeamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been ſome ſtrange fiſh; but they were more ſurprized when they ſaw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed till that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confeſſion, one of honeſt tars whiſpered to the boatſwain, that it would be a good deed to heave him overboard. But we were now within ſight of port, when of a ſudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapſed, begging all of us that were preſent, as we were gentlemen, not to ſay any thing of what had paſſed.

He had not been aſhore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on ſhipboard, which the other denied in ſo high terms, that it produced the lie on both ſides, and ended in a duel. The atheiſt was thruſt through the body, and after ſome loſs of blood became as good a Chriſtian as he was at ſea, till he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at preſent one of the free-thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet againſt ſeveral received opinions concerning the exiſtence of fairies.

As I have taken upon me to cenſure the faults of the age, and country which I live in, I ſhould have thought myſelf inexcuſable to have paſſed over this crying one, which is the ſubject of my

preſent diſcourſe. I ſhall therefore from time to time give my countrymen particular cautions againſt this diſtemper of the mind, that is almoſt become faſhionable, and by that means more likely to ſpread. I have ſomewhere either read or heard a very memorable ſentence, that a man would be a moſt inſupportable monſter, ſhould he have the faults that are incident to his years, conſtitution, profeſſion, family, religion, age, and country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reaſon, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long ſtories: as I am choleric, I forbear not only ſwearing, but all interjections of fretting, as pugh! piſh! and the like. As I am a layman, I reſolve not to conceive an averſion for a wiſe and good man, becauſe his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am deſcended of the ancient family of the Bickerſtaffes, I never call a man of merit an upſtart. As a Proteſtant, I do not ſuffer my zeal ſo far to tranſport me, as to name the pope and the devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myſelf particularly againſt the folly I have been now ſpeaking of. And as I am an Engliſhman, I am very cautious not to hate a ſtranger, or deſpiſe a poor Palatine.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this paper.*

No.

No. 114. SATURDAY, *December* 31. 1709.

Ut in vita, ſic in ſtudiis, pulcherrimum et humaniſſimum exiſtimo, ſeveritatem comitatemque miſcere, ne illa in triſtitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat. Plin. Epiſt.

Sheer-Lane, December 30.

I WAS walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I ſaw a coach ſtop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, who I perceived to be the eldeſt ſon of my boſom friend that I gave ſome account of in my paper of the 17th of laſt month. I felt a ſenſible pleaſure riſing in me at the ſight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was juſt ſuch a ſtripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burſt into tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately ſaid, child, how does your father do? He began to reply, my mother——but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, gathered out of him, that his mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the laſt offices to her, he had taken that time to

come and call me to his father, who, he ſaid, would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The child's diſcretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderneſs he ſhewed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not reſolved to fortify myſelf for the ſeaſonable performance of thoſe duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatneſs of his grief for the loſs of one who has ever been the ſupport to him under all other afflictions. How, thought I, will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, ſpeak of a ſickneſs, which was then paſt, without ſorrow. We were now got pretty far into Weſtminſter, and arrived at my friend's houſe. At the door of it I met Favonius, not without a ſecret ſatisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly converſed with him at his houſe; and as he abounds with that ſort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the converſation into the violence and rage or party-diſputes, I liſtened to him with great pleaſure Our diſcourſe chanced to be upon the ſubject of death, which he treated with ſuch a ſtrength of reaſon, and greatneſs of ſoul, that inſtead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be deſired.

ſired. As I met him at the door, I ſaw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and reſolution, which, as I afterwards found, had ſuch an irreſiſtible force, as to ſuſpend the pains of dying, and the lamentation of the neareſt friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where ſhe lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who notwithſtanding his thoughts had been compoſed a little before, at the ſight of me, turned away his face and wept. The little family of children renewed the expreſſions of their ſorrow according to their ſeveral ages and degrees of underſtanding. The eldeſt daughter was in tears, buſied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bed-ſide: and what troubled me moſt was, to ſee a little boy, who was too young to know the reaſon, weeping only becouſe his ſiſters did. The only one in the room who ſeemed reſigned and comforted was the dying perſon. At my approach to the bed-ſide, ſhe told me, with a low broken voice, this is kindly done—— Take care of your friend—— Do not go from him. She had before taken leave of her huſband and children, in a manner proper for ſo ſolemn a parting, and with a gracefulneſs peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn to pieces to ſee the huſband on one ſide ſuppreſſing and keeping down the ſwellings of his

grief, for fear of diſturbing her in her laſt moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains ſhe endured, for fear of encreaſing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for ſome moments after ſhe grew ſpeechleſs, and ſoon after cloſed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himſelf, gave a deep groan, and fell into a ſwoon by her bed-ſide. The diſtraction of the children, who thought they ſaw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardeſt heart; but they ſoon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a reſolution to accompany him till the firſt pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew conſolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myſelf to ſit by him, and condole with him in ſilence. For I ſhall here uſe the method of an ancient author, who in one of his epiſtles relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expreſſes himſelf thus; "I ſhall ſuſpend my advice to this beſt of "friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by thoſe three great remedies, (*neceſſitas ipſa, dies longa, et ſatietas doloris*) the neceſſity of ſubmiſſion, length of time, and ſatiety of grief."

In the mean time, I cannot but conſider, with much commiſeration, the melancholy ſtate of

of one who has had ſuch a part of himſelf torn from him, and which he miſſes in every circumſtance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately loſt his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himſelf with it. He does not appear to himſelf the ſame perſon in his houſe, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loſes the reliſh of all the pleaſures and diverſions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The moſt agreeable objects recal the ſorrow for her with whom he uſed to enjoy them. The additional ſatisfaction, from the taſte of pleaſures in the ſociety of one we love, is admirably deſcribed by Milton, who repreſents Eve, though in paradiſe itſelf, no further pleaſed with the beautiful objects around her, than as ſhe ſees them in company with Adam, in that paſſage ſo inexpreſſibly charming.

With thee converſing I forget all time,
All ſeaſon, and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhowers; and ſweet the coming on
Of graceful evening mild; the ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,

And

And these the gems of heaven her starry train.
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little variety of the expressions, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen: which I rather mention, because Mr Dryden has said in his preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton.

It may further be observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, show several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and to humour the perplexity, makes

makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that deſcribe it.

Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of providence, fore knowledge, will and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge abſolute,
And found no end in wand'ring mazes loſt.

Sir Richard Steel *aſſiſted in this paper.*

No. 116. THURSDAY, *January* 5. 1709.

———*Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui.* Ovid.

Sheer-Lane, January 4.

THE court being prepared for proceeding on the cauſe of the Petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal who was taken up as ſhe went out of the puppet-ſhow about three nights ago, and was now ſtanding in the ſtreet with a great concourſe of people about her. Word was brought me, that ſhe had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reaſon of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my houſe, though I ordered both the folding-

folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the jury of matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reason why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I issued out an order forthwith, that the criminal should be stripped of her incumbrances, till she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself like the top of an umbrella, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisure survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the garment in its utmost circumference: but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judicature. I then enquired for the person that belonged to the petticoat; and to my great surprize, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape,

ſhape, that I bid her come out of the croud, and ſeated her upon a little crock at my left hand. "My pretty maid, ſaid I, do you own yourſelf "to be the inhabitant of the garment before us?" The girl I found had good ſenſe, and told me with a ſmile, that notwithſtanding it was her own petticoat, ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſee an example made of it; and that ſhe wore it for no other reaſon than to look big and burly as other perſons of her quality; that ſhe had kept out of it as long as ſhe could, and till ſhe began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintance; that if ſhe laid it aſide, people would think ſhe was not made like other women. I always give great allowances to the fair ſex upon account of the faſhion, and therefore was not diſpleaſed with the defence of the pretty criminal. I then ordered the veſt which ſtood before us to be drawn up by a pully to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be ſpread open by the engine it was placed upon, in ſuch a manner, that it formed a very ſplendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of ſilken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. I entered upon the whole cauſe with great ſatisfaction as I ſat under the ſhadow of it.

The council for the petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to ſay againſt the popular cry which was raiſed againſt

it.

it. They anſwered the objections with great ſtrength and ſolidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to ſet off and furbelow, if I may be allowed the metaphor, with many periodical ſentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, firſt, from the great benefit that might ariſe to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: the common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the ſemi-diameter; ſo that by allowing it twenty four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats, which according to Sir William Petty (ſuppoſing what ought to be ſuppoſed in a well-governed ſtate, that all petticoats are made of that ſtuff,) would amount to thirty millions of thoſe of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to ſink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the ſecond argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the rope-makers, wherein it was repreſented, that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much riſen ſince this faſhion came up. At this all the company who were preſent lifted up their eyes into the vault; and I muſt confeſs we did diſcover

cover many traces of cordage which were interwoven in the ſtiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewiſe repreſented the great conſumption of the whale bone which would be occaſioned by the preſent faſhion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the Britiſh trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unweildineſs of the garment, which they inſinuated might be of great uſe to preſerve the honour of families.

Theſe arguments would have wrought very much upon me, (as I then told the company in a large and elaborate diſcourſe) had I not conſidered the great and additional expence which ſuch faſhions would bring upon fathers and huſbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of till ſome years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themſelves, who could never expect to have money in the pocket, if they laid out ſo much on the petticoat. To this I added the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in ſecurity like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an inſtitution always encouraged by wiſe ſocieties.

At the ſame time, in anſwer to the ſeveral petitions produced on that ſide, I ſhewed one ſubſcribed by the women of ſeveral perſons of quality,

quality, humbly ſetting forth, that ſince the introduction of this mode, their reſpective ladies had (inſtead of beſtowing on them their caſt-gowns) cut them in ſhreds, and mixed them with cordage and buckram, to complete the ſtiffening of their under-petticoats. For which, and ſundry other reaſons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture. But to ſhew that I did not make that judgment for the ſake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and ſent it as a preſent to a widow gentlewoman, who has five daughters, deſiring ſhe would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and ſend me back the remainder, which I deſign to cut into ſtomachers, caps, facings of my waiſtcoat-ſleeves, and other garnitures ſuitable to my age and quality.

I would not be underſtood, that, while I diſcard this monſtrous invention, I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair ſex. On the contrary, as the hand of nature has poured on them ſuch a profuſion of charms and graces, and ſent them into the world more amiable and finiſhed than the reſt of her works; ſo I would have them beſtow upon themſelves all the additional beauties that art can ſupply them with, provided it does not interfere with, diſguiſe or pervert, thoſe of nature.

I conſider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and ſilks. The lynx

ſhall

ſhall caſt its ſkin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and ſwan, ſhall pay contributions to her muff; the ſea ſhall be ſearched for ſhells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furniſh out its ſhare towards the embelliſhment of a creature that is the moſt conſummate work of it. All this I ſhall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been ſpeaking of, I neither can nor will allow it.

No. 117. SATURDAY, *January* 7, 1709.

Durate, et voſmet rebus ſervate ſecundis.
Virg.

Sheer-Lane, January 6.

WHEN I look into the frame and conſtitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I obſerve with greater ſatisfaction, than that tenderneſs and concern which it bears for the good and happineſs of mankind. My own circumſtances are indeed ſo narrow and ſcanty, that I ſhould taſte but very little pleaſure, could I receive it only from thoſe enjoyments which are in my own poſſeſſion; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my

my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any ſingle perſon can be with all the wealth, ſtrength, beauty, and ſucceſs, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only reliſhes ſuch a proportion of theſe bleſſings, as is his own private property. By this means, every man that does himſelf any real ſervice, does me a kindneſs. I come in for my ſhare in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I ſo much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous ſpirits out of dangers, difficulties, and diſtreſs. And becauſe the world does not ſupply inſtances of this kind to furniſh out ſufficient entertainments for ſuch an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the hiſtory of ages paſt, which draws together in a narrow compaſs the great occurrences and events that are but thinly ſown in thoſe tracts of time which ly within our own knowledge and obſervation. When I ſee the life of a great man, who has deſerved well of his country, after having ſtruggled through all the oppoſitions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with luſtre, and ſhining forth in all the ſplendor of ſucceſs, I cloſe my book, and am an unhappy man for a whole evening.

But ſince in hiſtory, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthleſs and

and the deſerving, inſomuch that we frequently ſee a virtuous man dying in the midſt of diſappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in proſperity and peace; I love to amuſe myſelf with the accounts I meet with in fabulous hiſtories and fictions: for in this kind of writings we have always the pleaſure of ſeeing vice puniſhed, and virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his exiſtence, we ſhould have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing it cloſe with happineſs or miſery, according to his proper merit: but though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finiſhing of his adventures, if I may ſo ſpeak, we may be ſure that the concluſion and cataſtrophe is altogether ſuitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, conſidered as a hero, or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends to our ſatisfaction; ſo that inventions of this kind are like food and exerciſe to a good-natured diſpoſition, which they pleaſe and gratify at the ſame time that they nouriſh and ſtrengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we ſee our favouri es in theſe relations engaged, the greater is the pleaſure we take in ſeeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned hiſtories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding

winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whoſe name I have forgot. It ſo happens, that the hero's miſtreſs was the ſiſter of his moſt intimate friend, who for certain reaſons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in queſt of adventures. The hero, having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his miſtreſs, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he diſcovered at a diſtance a man claſped in her arms, and embraced with the moſt endearing tenderneſs. What ſhould he do? It did not conſiſt with the gentleneſs of a knight-errant either to kill his miſtreſs, or the man whom ſhe was pleaſed to favour. At the ſame time, it would have ſpoiled a romance, ſhould he have laid violent hands on himſelf. In ſhort, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and after a long ſeries of exploits, found out by degrees, that the perſon he ſaw in his miſtreſs's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace ſhe gave him nothing elſe but the affectionate farewel of a ſiſter: ſo that he had at once the two greateſt ſatisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his miſtreſs faithful whom he had believed inconſtant.

There are indeed ſome diſaſters ſo very fatal, that

that it is impoſſible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we ſee Ovid has found an expedient even in a caſe like hers. He deſcribes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the ſea-ſhore, where ſhe was diſcovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unſucceſsful importunity. To mitigate her ſorrow, he offers her whatever ſhe would wiſh for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a ſtratagem to retrieve her honour. Had ſhe deſired to be turned into a ſtock or ſtone, a beaſt, fiſh or fowl, ſhe would have been a loſer by it: or had ſhe deſired to have been made a ſea-nymph, or a goddeſs, her immortality would have but perpetuated her diſgrace. Give me therefore, ſaid ſhe, ſuch a ſhape as may make me incapable of ſuffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already ſuffered. To be ſhort, ſhe was turned into a man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation ſhe ſo much dreaded.

I was once myſelf in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in ſo great a diſtraction of mind, that I thought myſelf even out of the poſſibility of receiving comfort. The occaſion was as follows: when I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Do-

ver, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in thoſe parts, and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my addreſſes kindly received, which occaſioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourſelves upon the top of the cliſt with the proſpect of the ſea, and trifling away the time in ſuch little fondneſſes, as are moſt ridiculous to people in buſineſs, and moſt agreeable to thoſe in love.

In the midſt of theſe our innocent endearments, ſhe ſnatched a paper of verſes out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a ſudden the ground, though at a conſiderable diſtance from the verge of the precipice, ſunk under her, and threw her down from ſo prodigious an height under ſuch a range of rocks, as would have daſhed her into ten thouſand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much eaſier for my reader to imagine my ſtate of mind upon ſuch an occaſion, than for me to expreſs it. I ſaid to myſelf, it is not in the power of heaven to relieve me! when I was awaked, equally tranſported and aſtoniſhed, to ſee myſelf drawn out of an affliction which the very moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impreſſions of grief and horror were ſo lively on this occaſion, that while they laſted, they

they made me more miſerable than I was at the real death of this beloved perſon, (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded) inaſmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myſelf in a ſort an acceſſary; whereas her deceaſe had at leaſt the alleviations of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related ſtill dwells ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I can never read the deſcription of Dover Cliff in Shakeſpear's tragedy of King Lear, without a freſh ſenſe of my eſcape. The proſpect from that place is drawn with ſuch proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, muſt have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, Sir, here's the place; ſtand ſtill! how
fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low?
The crows and choughs that wing the midway
air
Show ſcarce as groſs as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire. Dreadful
trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yond' tall anchoring bark
Diminiſh'd to her boat; her boat a buoy

Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge
(That on th' unnumber'd idle pebble beats)
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn.

No. 119. THURSDAY, *January* 12. 1709.

In tenui labor.—VIRG. Georg. lib. 4. ver. 6.

Slight is the ſubject.——— DRYDEN.

Sheer-Lane, January 11.

I HAVE lately applied myſelf with much ſatisfaction to the curious diſcoveries that have been made by the help of microſcopes, as they are related by authors of our own and other nations. There is a great deal of pleaſure in prying into this world of wonders, which nature has laid out of ſight, and ſeems induſtrious to conceal from us. Philoſophy had ranged over all the viſible creation, and began to want objects for her enquiries, when the preſent age, by the invention of glaſſes, opened a new and inexhauſtible magazine of rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of thoſe which aſtoniſhed our fathers. I was yeſterday amuſing myſelf

myſelf with ſpeculations of this kind, and reflecting upon myriads of animals that ſwim in thoſe little ſeas of juices that are contained in the ſeveral veſſels of an human body. While my mind was thus filled with that ſecret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myſelf as in an act of devotion, and am very well pleaſed with the thought of the great heathen anatomiſt, who calls his deſcription of the parts of the human body, *An hymn to the ſupreme Being*. The reading of the day produced in my imagination an agreeable morning's dream, if I may call it ſuch; for I am ſtill in doubt, whether it paſſed in my ſleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good genius ſtood at my bed's-head, and entertained me with the following diſcourſe; for upon my riſing, it dwelt ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I writ down the ſubſtance of it, if not the very words.

If, ſaid he, you can be ſo tranſported with thoſe productions of nature which are diſcovered to you by thoſe artificial eyes that are the works of human invention, how great will your ſurprize be, when you ſhall have it in your power to model your own eye as you pleaſe, and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all theſe helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are unbodied ſpirits, can ſharpen our ſight to what degree we

think fit, and make the leaſt work of the creation diſtinct and viſible. This gives us ſuch ideas as cannot poſſibly enter into your preſent conceptions. There is not the leaſt particle of matter which may not furniſh one of us ſufficient employment for a whole eternity. We can ſtill divide it, and ſtill open it, and ſtill diſcover new wonders of providence, as we look into the different texture of its parts, and meet with beds of vegetables, mineral and metallic mixtures, and ſeveral kinds of animals that ly hid, and as it were loſt in ſuch an endleſs fund of matter. I find you are ſurpriſed at this diſcourſe; but as your reaſon tells you there are infinite parts in the ſmalleſt portion of matter, it will likewiſe convince you, that there is as great a variety of ſecrets, and as much room for diſcoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your microſcopes bring to ſight ſhoals of living creatures in a ſpoonful of vinegar; but we, who can diſtinguiſh them in their different magnitudes, ſee among them ſeveral huge Leviathans, that terriſy the little fry of animals about them, and take their paſtime as in an ocean, or the great deep. I could not but ſmile at this part of his relation, and told him I doubted not but he could give me the hiſtory of ſeveral inviſible giants, accompanied with their reſpective dwarfs, in caſe that any of theſe little beings are of an human

human ſhape. You may aſſure yourſelf, ſaid he, that we ſee in theſe little animals different natures, inſtincts and modes of life, which correſpond to what you obſerve in creatures of bigger dimenſions. We diſcry millions of ſpecies ſubſiſted on a green leaf, which your glaſſes repreſent only in crouds and ſwarms. What appears to your eye but as an hair or down riſing on the ſurface of it, we find to be woods and foreſts, inhabited by beaſts of prey, that are as dreadful in thoſe their haunts, as lions and tigers in the deſarts of Lybia. I was much delighted with his diſcourſe, and could not forbear telling him, that I ſhould be wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a natural hiſtory of Imperceptibles, containing a true account of ſuch vegetables and animals as grow and live out of ſight. Such diſquiſitions, anſwered he, are very ſuitable to reaſonable creatures; and you may be ſure, there are many curious ſpirits amongſt us who employ themſelves in ſuch amuſements. For as our hands, and all our ſenſes, may be formed to what degree of ſtrength and delicacy we pleaſe, in the ſame manner as our ſight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how ſmall ſoever the matter be in which we make them. I have been preſent at the diſſection of a mite, and have ſeen the ſkeleton of a flea. I have been ſhewn a foreſt of numberleſs trees, which has been picked out of an acorn. Your microſcope

can ſhew you in it a complete oak in miniature; and could you ſuit all your organs as we do, you might pluck an acorn from this little oak, which contains another tree; and ſo proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your diſquiſitions. It is almoſt impoſſible, added he, to talk of things ſo remote from common life, and the ordinary notions which mankind receive from blunt and groſs organs of ſenſe, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often ſeen a dog opened, to obſerve the circulation of the blood, or make any other uſeful enquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I ſhould tell you, that a circle of much greater philoſophers than any of the royal ſociety, were preſent at the cutting up of one of thoſe little animals which we find in the blue of a plumb; that it was tied down alive before them; and that they obſerved the palpitations of the heart, the courſe of the blood, the working of the muſcles, and the convulſions in the ſeveral limbs, with great accuracy and improvement. I muſt confeſs, ſaid I, for my own part, I go along with you in all your diſcoveries with pleaſure; but it is certain, they are too fine for the groſs of mankind, who are more ſtruck with the deſcription of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the beſt judge of human nature ſetting forth his wiſdom, not in the formation of theſe minute

nute animals, though indeed no leſs wonderful than the other, but in that of the Leviathan and Behemoth, the Horſe and the Crocodile. Your obſervation, ſaid he, is very juſt; and I muſt acknowledge for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I ſee the traces of providence in theſe inſtances, I ſtill take greater pleaſure in conſidering the works of the creation in their immenſity, than their minuteneſs. For this reaſon, I rejoice when I ſtrengthen my ſight ſo as to make it pierce into the moſt remote ſpaces, and take a view of thoſe heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes, though aſſiſted by teleſcopes. What you look upon as one confuſed white in the milky-way, appears to me a long tract of heavens, diſtinguiſhed by ſtars that are ranged in proper figures and conſtellations. While you are admiring the ſky in a ſtarry night, I am entertained with a variety of worlds and ſuns placed one above another, and riſing up to ſuch an immenſe diſtance, that no created eye can ſee an end of them.

The latter part of this diſcourſe flung me into ſuch an aſtoniſhment, that he had been ſilent for ſome time before I took notice of it; when on a ſudden I ſtarted up and drew up my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but ſaw no body, and cannot tell to this moment, whether it was my good genius or a dream that left me.

No. 120. SATURDAY, *January* 14. 1709.

——*Velut ſilvis, ubi paſſim*
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit.
HOR. Sat. 3. lib. 2. ver. 48.

When, in a wood, we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, though we various ſtray,
Some to the left, and ſome to t'other ſide.
FRANCIS.

Sheer-Lane, January 13.

INSTEAD of conſidering any particular paſſion or character of any one ſet of men, my thoughts were laſt night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole ſpecies are hurried on by the ſame deſires, and engaged in the ſame purſuits, according to the different ſtages and diviſions of life. Youth is devoted to luſt, middle age to ambition, old-age to avarice. Theſe are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it muſt be acknowledged, that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to

to the temper of the perſon whom they direct and animate. For with the good, luſt becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of poſterity. This ſcheme of thought amuſed me very agreeably till I retired to reſt, and afterwards formed itſelf into a pleaſing and regular viſion, which I ſhall deſcribe in all its circumſtances, as the objects preſented themſelves, whether in a ſerious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of ſo prodigious an extent, and cut into ſuch a variety of walks and allies, that all mankind were loſt and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down ſome time, I came into the center of it, which opened into a wide plain, filled with multitudes of both ſexes. I here diſcovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the foreſt. On a ſudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their reſpective bodies into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of theſe roads terminated, and whither it would lead thoſe who paſſed through them, I joined myſelf with the aſſembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themſelves *The band of lovers*. I found, to my great ſurprize, that ſeveral old men beſides myſelf had intruded into

this agreeable company; as I had before obſerved, there were ſome young men who had united themſelves to the band of miſers, and were walking up the path of Avarice; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by thoſe they joined, as by thoſe they forſook. The walk, which we marched up, for thickneſs of ſhades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the diſtant purling of ſtreams, and falls of water, was ſo wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our ſenſes, and intoxicated our minds with pleaſure. We had not been long here, before every man ſingled out ſome woman to whom he offered his addreſſes, and profeſſed himſelf a lover; when on a ſudden we perceived this delicious walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes and labyrinths, that were ſo mixed with roſes and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths, and pleaſing grottos, that it was hard to ſay, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to thoſe who travelled in it.

It was here that the lovers began to be eager in their purſuits. Some of their miſtreſſes, who only ſeemed to retire for the ſake of form and decency, led them into plantations that were diſpoſed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in ſome turns and windings, they ſuffered themſelves to be overtaken, and gave their

their hands to thoſe who purſued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little wildernesſes, where there were ſo many paths interwoven with each other in ſo much confuſion and irregularity, that ſeveral of the lovers quitted the purſuit, or broke their hearts in the chace. It was ſometimes very odd to ſee a man purſuing a fine woman that was following another, whoſe eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in ſome other quarter of the wilderneſs. I could not but obſerve two things in this place which I thought very particular, that ſeveral perſons who ſtood only at the end of the avenues, and caſt a careleſs eye upon the nymphs, during their whole flight, often catched them, when thoſe who preſſed them the moſt warmly through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unſucceſsful: and that ſome of my own age, who were at firſt looked upon with averſion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the wilderneſs, and by dodging their women in the particular corners and allies of it, catched them in their arms, and took them from thoſe who they really loved and admired. There was a particular grove, which was called *The labyrinth of coquettes;* where many were enticed to the chace, but few returned with the purchaſe. It was pleaſant enough to ſee a celebrated beauty, by ſmiling upon one, caſting a glance upon another, beckoning upon a third, and

and adapting her charms and graces to the ſeveral follies of thoſe that admired her, drawing into the labyrinth a whole pack of lovers, that loſt themſelves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was ſome ſatisfaction to me, to ſee many of the fair ones, who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the intricacies of the labyrinth, obliged, when they came out of it, to ſurrender to the firſt partner that offered himſelf. I now had croſſed over all the difficult and perplexed paſſes that ſeemed to bound our walk, when on the other ſide of them I ſaw the ſame great road running on a little way, till it was terminated by two beautiful temples. I ſtood here for ſome time, and ſaw moſt of the multitude, who had been diſperſed amongſt the thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the temples that ſtood before us. The ſtructure on the right hand was, as I afterwards found, conſecrated to Virtuous Love, and could not be entered but by ſuch as received a ring, or ſome other token, from a perſon who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roſes and myrtles on his head, and on his ſhoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unſpotted all over, excepting only, that where it was claſped at his breaſt, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies.

He

He was called by the name of Hymen, and was ſeated near the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of ſeveral trees, that were embraced by woodbines, jeſſamines, and amaranths, which were as ſo many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that ſupported them. As I was ſingle and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reaſon am a ſtranger to all the myſteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curioſity to obſerve how the ſeveral couples that entered were diſpoſed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great gates on the backſide of the edifice, at which the whole croud was let out. At one of theſe gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and compoſed air, and the other a ſort of ſmile and ineffable ſweetneſs in her countenance. The name of the firſt was Diſcretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themſelves under the direction of theſe two ſiſters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded with delights, and were furniſhed with every thing that could make them the proper ſeats of happineſs. The ſecond gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together by chains, which each of them ſtrove to break, but could

could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance of this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity, who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot. The name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine; and on her left carried a little lap dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her.

The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag. Her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper, which makes persons, who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called *The temple*

ple of luſt. The front of it was raiſed on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was compoſed of the chaſte and matron-like Ionic. The ſides of it were adorned with ſeveral groteſque figures of goats, ſparrows, heathen gods, ſatyrs, and monſters made up of half man and half beaſt. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that ſerved to diſcover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here ſtunned with a mixed noiſe of clamour and jollity: on one ſide of me, I heard ſinging and dancing; on the other, brawls and claſhing of ſwords. In ſhort, I was ſo little pleaſed with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred againſt all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant. There was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleaſure which led to it: all, who paſſed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorſe, that held a ſcourge of ſcorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a paſſage ſo rugged, ſo uneven, and choaked with ſo many thorns and briars,

briars, that it was a melancholy ſpectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both ſexes ſuffered who walked through it. The men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and infeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and ſeveral loſt their limbs before they could extricate themſelves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this viſion, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, muſt be the ſubject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this morning received the following letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

SIR,

ON Monday next will be acted for my benefit, the comedy of Love for Love: If you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publiſh on the bills, that it is to be performed at the requeſt of Iſaac Bickerſtaffe, Eſq; and queſtion not but it will bring me as great an audience, as ever was at the houſe ſince the Morocco ambaſſador was there. I am,

(With the greateſt reſpect)
Your moſt obedient,
and moſt humble ſervant,
THOMAS DOGGET.

Being

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of cenſor, I returned the following anſwer.

MR. DOGGET,

I AM very well pleaſed with the choice you have made of ſo excellent a play, and have always looked upon you, as the beſt of comedians: I ſhall therefore come in between the firſt and ſecond act, and remain in the right-hand box over the pit till the end of the fourth, provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception.

No. 121. TUESDAY, *January* 17. 1709.

——Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus paſſer ocellos.
JUV. Sat. 6. v. 7.

Like *Cynthia*, or the *Leſbia*'s of our years,
Who for a ſparrow's death diſſolve in tears.

From my own apartment, January 16.

I WAS recollecting the remainder of my viſion, when my maid came to me, and told me, there was a gentlewoman below who ſeemed to

to be in great trouble, and preſſed very much to ſee me. When it lay in my power to remove the diſtreſs of an unhappy perſon, I thought I ſhould very ill employ my time in attending matters of ſpeculation, and therefore deſired the lady would walk in. When ſhe entered, I ſaw her eyes full of tears: however, her grief was not ſo great as to make her omit rules; for ſhe was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and conſider her. Her clothes were very rich, but tarniſhed; and her words very fine, but ill applied. Theſe diſtinctions made me without heſitation, though I had never ſeen her before, aſk her, if her lady had any commands for me? She then began to weep afreſh, and with many broken ſighs told me, that their family was in very great affliction—— I beſeeched her to compoſe herſelf, for that I might poſſibly be capable of aſſiſting them—— She then caſt her eye upon my little dog, and was again tranſported with too much paſſion to proceed; but with much ado, ſhe at laſt gave me to underſtand, that Cupid her lady's lap-dog, was dangerouſly ill, and in ſo bad a condition, that her lady neither ſaw company, nor went abroad, for which reaſon ſhe did not come herſelf to conſult me: that as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog, (here ſhe curtſied, and looking firſt at the cur, and then on me, ſaid, Indeed I had reaſon, for he was very pretty) her

her lady ſent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her ſorrow, but ſend her my advice. I muſt confeſs, I had ſome indignation to find myſelf treated like ſomething below a farrier; yet well knowing, that the beſt as well as moſt tender way of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her ſee the abſurdity of them; I proceeded accordingly: Pray, madam, ſaid I, can you give me any methodical account of his illneſs, and how Cupid was firſt taken? Sir, ſaid ſhe, we have a little ignorant country girl, who is kept to tend him: ſhe was recommended to our family by one, that my lady never ſaw but once at a viſit; and you know, perſons of quality are always inclined to ſtrangers; for I could have helped her to a couſin of my own, but—Good madam, ſaid I, you neglect the account of the ſick body, while you are complaining of this girl. No, no, Sir, ſaid ſhe, begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of phyſicians, they are ſo in haſte, that they never hear out the caſe. I ſay, this ſilly girl, after waſhing Cupid, let him ſtand half an hour in the window without his collar, where he catched cold, and in an hour after began to bark very hoarſe. He had however a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for theſe two nights laſt paſt, neither he nor my lady have ſlept a wink. Has he, ſaid I, taken any thing?

thing? No, ſaid ſhe, but my lady ſays, he ſhall take any thing that you preſcribe, provided you do not make uſe of Jeſuits powder, or the cold bath. Poor Cupid, continued ſhe, has always been pthiſical, and as he lies under ſomething like a chin-cough, we are afraid it will end in a conſumption. I then aſked her, if ſhe had brought any of his water to ſhow me. Upon this, ſhe ſtared me in the face, and ſaid, I am afraid, Mr. Bickerſtaffe, you are not ſerious; but if you have any receipt that is proper on this occaſion, pray let us have it; for my miſtreſs is not to be comforted. Upon this, I pauſed a little without returning any anſwer; and after ſome ſhort ſilence, I proceeded in the following manner: I have conſidered the nature of the diſtemper, and the conſtitution of the patient, and by the beſt obſervation that I can make on both, I think it is ſafeſt to put him into a courſe of kitchen phyſic. In the mean time, to remove his hoarſeneſs, it will be the moſt natural way to make Cupid his own druggiſt; for which reaſon, I ſhall preſcribe to him, three mornings ſucceſſively, as much powder as will ly on a groat, of that noble remedy which the apothecaries call Album Graecum. Upon hearing this advice, the young woman ſmiled, as if ſhe knew how ridiculous an errand ſhe had been employed in; and indeed I found by the ſequel of her diſcourſe that ſhe was an arch baggage, and of a character that

that is frequent enough in perſons of her employment, who are ſo uſed to conform themſelves in every thing to the humours and paſſions of their miſtreſſes, that they ſacrifice ſuperiority of ſenſe to ſuperiority of condition, and are inſenſibly betrayed into the paſſions and prejudices of thoſe whom they ſerve, without giving themſelves leave to conſider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to ſee her give a new turn to her diſcourſe, and from ſympathizing with her miſtreſs in her follies, to fall a railing at her. You cannot imagine, ſaid ſhe, Mr. Bickerſtaffe, what a life ſhe makes us lead for the ſake of this ugly cur: if he dies we are the moſt unhappy family in town. She chanced to loſe a parrot laſt year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her ſervice; for ſhe turned off her woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, becauſe ſhe neglected to give him water, though every one of the family ſays, ſhe was as innocent of the bird's death as the babe that is unborn. Nay, ſhe told me this very morning, that if Cupid ſhould die, ſhe would ſend the poor innocent wench I was telling you of, to Bridewell, and have the milk-woman tried for her life at the Old-Bailey, for putting water into his milk. In ſhort, ſhe talks like any diſtracted creature.

Since it is ſo, young woman, ſaid I, I will by

by no means let you offend her, by ſtaying on this meſſage longer than is abſolutely neceſſary; and ſo forced her out.

While I am ſtudying to cure thoſe evils and diſtreſſes that are neceſſary or natural to human life, I find my taſk growing upon me, ſince by theſe accidental cares, and acquired calamities, if I may ſo call them, my patients contract diſtempers to which their conſtitution is of itſelf a ſtranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair ſex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have obſerved, that when by too obſtinate a cruelty, or any other means they have diſappointed themſelves of the proper objects of love, as huſband, or children, ſuch virgins have exactly at ſuch a year grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I know at this time a celebrated toaſt, whom I allow to be one of the moſt agreeable of her ſex, that in the preſence of her admirers, will give a torrent of kiſſes to her cat, any one of which a Chriſtian would be glad of. I do not at the ſame time deny but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our ſex as theirs. A Roman emperor had ſo very great an eſteem for an horſe of his, that he had thoughts of making him a conſul: as ſeveral moderns of that rank of men, whom we call country ſquires, will not ſcruple to kiſs their hounds before all the world, and declare

declare in the preſence of their wives, that they had rather ſalute a favourite of the pack, than the fineſt woman in England. Theſe voluntary friendſhips between animals of different ſpecies ſeem to ariſe from inſtinct; for which reaſon, I have always looked upon the mutual good-will between the ſquire and the hound, to be of the ſame nature with that between the lion and the jackall.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excuſable, is one that grew out of an exceſs of gratitude, which I have ſomewhere met with in the life of a Turkiſh emperor. His horſe had brought him ſafe out of a field of battle, and from the purſuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for ſuch his good and faithful ſervice, his maſter built him a ſtable of marble, ſhod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of ſilver. He annexed to the ſtable ſeveral fields and meadows, lakes, and a running ſtream. At the ſame time he provided for him a ſeraglio of mares, the moſt beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman empire. To theſe were added a ſuitable train of domeſtics, conſiſting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, *etc.* accommodated with proper liveries and penſions. In ſhort, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the eaſe and happineſs of his life who had preſerved the emperor's.

By reaſon of the extreme cold, and the change-

ableneſs of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free uſe of the fardingal till the 20th of February next enſuing.

No. 122. Thursday, *January* 19, 1709.

Cur in theatrum Cato ſevere veniſti? Mart.

Why to the theatre did *Cato* come,
With all his boaſted gravity?—R. Wynne.

From my own apartment, January 18.

I FIND it is thought neceſſary, that I, who have taken upon me to cenſure the irregularities of the age, ſhould give an account of my actions when they appear doubtful, or ſubject to miſconſtruction. My appearing at the play on * Monday laſt, is looked upon as a ſtep in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be miſ-led by my example. It is true in matter of fact, I was preſent at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myſelf in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and diſtinction. It is ſaid of Virgil, when

* N. B. *A perſon dreſſed for Iſaac Bickerſtaffe did appear at the play-houſe on this occaſion.*

he

he entered a Roman theatre, where there were many thouſands of ſpectators preſent, that the whole aſſembly roſe up to do him honour; a reſpect which was never before paid to any but the emperor. I muſt confeſs, that univerſal clap, and other teſtimonies of applauſe, with which I was received at my firſt appearance in the theatre of Great Britain, gave me as ſenſible delight as the abovementioned reception could give to that immortal poet I ſhould be ungrateful at the ſame time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were ſhown me by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who made his compliments to me between the acts after a moſt ingenuous and diſcreet manner; and at the ſame time communicated to me, that the company of upholders deſired to receive me at their door at the end of the Hay-market, and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbad, and took particular care during the whole play to obſerve the conduct of the drama, and give no offence by my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual ſpectator in public diverſions of this nature. Every one ſhould on theſe occaſions ſhew his attention, underſtanding, and virtue. I would undertake to find out all the perſons of ſenſe and breeding by the effect of a ſingle ſen-

tence, and to diſtinguiſh a gentleman as much by his laugh as his bow. When we ſee the footman and his lord diverted by the ſame jeſt, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But though a man's quality may appear in his underſtanding and taſte, the regard to virtue ought to be the ſame in all ranks and conditions of men, however they make a profeſſion of it under the name of honour, religion, or morality. When therefore we ſee any thing divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that ſtrikes at the duties of civil life, or expoſes what the beſt men in all ages have looked upon as ſacred and inviolable, it is the certain ſign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their poſterity. For this reaſon I took great delight in ſeeing the generous and diſintereſted paſſion of the lovers in this comedy (which ſtood ſo many trials, and was proved by ſuch a variety of diverting incidents) received with an univerſal approbation. This brings to my mind a paſſage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there deſcribes the ſhouts and applauſes which the people gave to the perſons who acted the parts of Pylades and Oreſtes, on the nobleſt occaſion that a poet could invent to ſhew friendſhip in perfection. One of them had forfeited his

his life by an action which he had committed; and as they ſtood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them ſtrove who ſhould be the criminal, that he might ſave the life of his friend. Amidſt the vehemence of each aſſerting himſelf to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applauſe, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themſelves on the like occaſions. Methinks, a people of ſo much virtue were deſervedly placed at the head of mankind: but, alas! pleaſures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the Engliſh ſtage.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the moſt polite, as well as the moſt powerful government in the world, made the care of the ſtage one of the chief parts of the adminiſtration: and I muſt confeſs, I am aſtoniſhed at the ſpirit of virtue which appeared in that people upon ſome expreſſions in a ſcene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's Epiſtles. A covetous perſon is repreſented ſpeaking the common ſentiments of all who are poſſeſſed with that vice in the following ſoliloquy, which I have tranſlated literally.

Let me be called a baſe man, ſo I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who aſks if he is good? The queſtion is, how much we have; not from whence, and by what means we have it. Every one has ſo much merit as he has wealth.

For my own part let me be rich, oh ye gods! or let me die. The man dies happily, who dies increaſing his treaſure. There is more pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends.

The audience were very much provoked by the firſt words of this ſpeech; but when the actor came to the cloſe of it, they could bear no longer. In ſhort, the whole aſſembly roſe up at once in the greateſt fury, with a deſign to pluck him off the ſtage, and brand the work itſelf with infamy. In the midſt of the tumult, the author came out from behind the ſcenes, begging the audience to be compoſed for a little while, and they ſhould ſee the tragical end which this wretch ſhould come to immediately. The promiſe of puniſhment appeaſed the people, who ſat with great attention and pleaſure to ſee an example made of ſo odious a criminal. It is with ſhame and concern that I ſpeak it; but I very much queſtion, whether it is poſſible to make a ſpeech ſo impious, as to raiſe ſuch a laudable horror and indignation in a modern audience.

It is very natural for an author to make oſtentation of his reading, as it is for an old man to tell ſtories; for which reaſon I muſt beg the reader will excuſe me, if I for once indulge myſelf in both theſe inclinations. We ſee the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole audience, in the foregoing inſtances. If we would imitate the

the behaviour of a ſingle ſpectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary man, as any circumſtance of his life; or, what is more, of his death. This venerable perſon often frequented the theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a deſire to ſee him. On which occaſion it is recorded of him, that he ſometimes ſtood to make himſelf the more conſpicuous, and to ſatisfy the curioſity of the beholders. He was one day preſent at the firſt repreſentation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is ſaid to have aſſiſted in ſeveral of his plays. In the midſt of the tragedy, which had met with very great ſucceſs, there chanced to be a line that ſeemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no ſooner ſpoken, but Socrates roſe from his ſeat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the ſucceſs of the play, ſhowed himſelf diſpleaſed at what was ſaid, and walked out of the aſſembly. I queſtion not but the reader will be curious to know what the line was that gave this divine heathen ſo much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolitus, who when he is preſſed by an oath, which he had taken to keep ſilence, returned for anſwer, that he had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart. Had a perſon of a vicious character made ſuch a ſpeech,

it might have been allowed as a proper repreſentation of the baſeneſs of his thoughts: but ſuch an expreſſion out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolitus, was giving a ſanction to falſhood, and eſtabliſhing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have ſet apart to-morrow for the cloſing of my viſion.

No. 123. SATURDAY, *January* 21. 1709.

Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore.
HOR. Sat. 3. lib. 2. v. 77.

Come all, whoſe breaſts with bad ambition riſe,
Or the pale paſſion, that for money dies,——
Compoſe your robes—— FRANCIS.

From my own apartment, January 20.

A continuation of the Viſion.

WITH much labour and difficulty I paſſed through the firſt part of my viſion, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the proſpect of the three great roads. I here joined myſelf to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the ſtandard

ſtandard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each ſide with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and ſtatues of lawgivers, heroes, ſtateſmen, philoſophers, and poets. The perſons who travelled up this great path, were ſuch whoſe thoughts were bent upon doing eminent ſervices to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each ſide of this great road were ſeveral paths that were alſo laid out in ſtraight lines, and ran parallel with it. Theſe were moſt of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame end of their journey, though they choſe to make it in ſhade and obſcurity. The edifices at the extremity of the walk were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the Temple of Honour, by reaſon of the Temple of Virtue which ſtood before it. At the gates of this temple we were met by the goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner ſtructure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a globe in the midſt of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a ſun in one hand, and a moon in the other. Her

head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us as we ſtood amidſt the ſphere of light which this image caſt on every ſide of it.

Having ſeen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that ſtood within view of the Temple of Honour, and was raiſed in imitation of it, upon the very ſame model; but at my approach to it, I found, that the ſtones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric ſtood upon ſo weak a foundation, that it ſhook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than ſhe would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was to ſhew herſelf more beautiful and majeſtic than ſhe really was. For which reaſon, ſhe had painted her face, and wore a cluſter of falſe jewels upon her breaſt: but what I more particularly obſerved, was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the faſhion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians; with a rabble of thoſe who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crouded the temple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the ſand upon the ſea ſhore. I made it my

buſineſs

buſineſs in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I firſt ſet out, to obſerve the walks which led to this temple, for I met in it ſeveral who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous perſons, and travelled ſome time in their company: but upon examination I found, that there were ſeveral paths which led out of the great road into the ſides of the wood, and ran into ſo many crooked turns and windings, that thoſe who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the Temple of Virtue, then croſſed the ſtraight road, and ſometimes marched in it for a little ſpace, till the crooked path, which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The ſeveral alleys of theſe wanderers had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the miſchievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a perſon, whom by the inſcription I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way with an extended finger like a Mercury.

I was now returned in the ſame manner as before, with a deſign to obſerve carefully every thing that paſſed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that aſſembly, which was made up of perſons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them inſenſibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed ſeveral days

with great toil and uneaſineſs, and without the neceſſary refreſhments of food and ſleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden ſands: they often drank of this ſtream, which had ſuch a particular quality in it, that though it refreſhed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirſt. On each ſide of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had waſhed off the earth, one might ſee in ſeveral parts of them veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure ſilver. We were told, that the deity of the place had forbad any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of theſe hills, or convert the treaſures they contained to any uſe under pain of ſtarving. At the end of the valley ſtood the Temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and ſurrounded with a thouſand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman who had called herſelf by the forged name of Competency offered herſelf for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bough, which ſhe no ſooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors, before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it ſat the god

god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre ſtarved countenance, encloſed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and ſhivering with cold. On his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite to whom he had given the title of Parſimony. The firſt was his collector, and the other his caſhier.

There were ſeveral long tables placed on each ſide of the temple, with reſpective officers attending behind them. Some of them I enquired into. At the firſt table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a ſolicitor extremely buſy, and whiſpering every body that paſſed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and ſaw him often going up to a perſon that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication table and an almanack before him, which as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was maſter of. The ſolicitor would often apply himſelf to his ear, and at the ſame time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, ſigned and ſealed in form. The name of this dextrous and ſucceſsful ſolicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the office of Extortion. Behind it ſat a perſon in a bob wig, counting over a great ſum of money. He gave out little purſes to ſeveral, who, after a ſhort tour brought him in return ſacks full of the ſame kind of coin. I ſaw at the ſame time a perſon called

Fraud,

Fraud, who ſat behind a counter with falſe ſcales, light weights, and ſcanty meaſures; by the ſkilful application of which inſtruments, ſhe had got together an immenſe heap of wealth. It would be endleſs to name the ſeveral officers, or deſcribe the votaries that attended in his temple. There were many old men panting and breathleſs, repoſing their heads on bags of money; nay many of them actually dying, whoſe very pangs and convulſions, which rendered their purſes uſeleſs to them, only made them graſp them the faſter. There were ſome tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and fleſh of many miſerable perſons who ſtood before them, and with the other hand throwing away what they had ſeized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that ſtood behind them.

On a ſuden the whole aſſembly fell a trembling, and upon enquiry, I found, that the great room we were in was haunted with a ſpectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to diſtraction.

In the midſt of their terror and amazement the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the ſight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, ſhe did not make ſo indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathſome temple. The miſerable votaries of this

place

place were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himſelf threatened by the apparition as ſhe ſtalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmoſt fear and trembling.

I muſt confeſs, I look upon the paſſion which I ſaw in this unhappy people to be of the ſame nature with thoſe unaccountable antipathies which ſome perſons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenſy, nor unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the ſight of ſo uſeful and innocent a thing as water. The whole aſſembly was ſurpriſed, when, inſtead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they ſaw me addreſs myſelf to the phantom.

"Oh Poverty! ſaid I, my firſt petition to "thee, is, that thou wouldſt never appear to "me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me "this, that thou wouldſt not bear a form more "terrible than that in which thou appeareſt to "me at preſent. Let not thy threats and me-"naces betray me to any thing that is ungrate-"ful or unjuſt. Let me not ſhut my ears to "the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the "perſon that has deſerved well of me. Let "me not, for any fear of thee, deſert my "friend, my principles, or my honour. If "Wealth is to viſit me, and to come with "her uſual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do

"thou,

" thou, oh Poverty! haſten to my reſcue; but " bring along with thee the two ſiſters, in whoſe " company thou art always chearful, Liberty and " Innocence."

The concluſion of this Viſion muſt be deferred to another opportunity.

No. 131. THURSDAY, *February* 9. 1709.

——Scelus eſt jugulare falernum,
Et dare Campano toxica ſæva mero.

MART. l. 1. Ep. 19.

How great the crime, how flagrant the abuſe!
T' adult'rate gen'rous wine with noxious juice.

R. WYNNE.

Sheer-Lane, February 8.

THERE is in this city a certain fraternity of chymical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their myſteries from the eyes and obſervation of mankind. Theſe ſubterraneous philoſophers are daily employed in the tranſmigration of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raiſe under the ſtreets of

of London the choiceſt products of the hills and valleys of France. They can ſqueeze Bourdeaux out of a Sloe, and draw Champagne from an Apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,

Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva;

"The ripening grape ſhall hang on every thorn."

ſeems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of Northern hedges into a vineyard. Theſe adepts are known among one another by the name of wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury, not only to her majeſty's cuſtoms, but to the bodies of many of her good ſubjects.

Having received ſundry complaints againſt theſe inviſible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their reſpective caves, and bring them before me, which was yeſterday executed accordingly.

The perſon who appeared againſt them was a merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines that he had laid in before the war: but theſe gentlemen, as he ſaid, had ſo vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, becauſe it did not taſte like what they ſold for ſuch. As a man never pleads better than when his own perſonal intereſt is concern-

ed,

ed, he exhibited to the court with great eloquence, that this new corporation of druggiſts had inflamed the bills of mortality, and puzzled the college of phyſicians with diſeaſes, for which they neither knew a name nor cure. He accuſed ſome of giving all their cuſtomers cholics and megrims; and mentioned one who had boaſted, he had a tun of claret by him, that in a fortnight's time ſhould give the gout to a dozen of the healthfulleſt men in the city, provided that their conſtitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleneſs. He then enlarged, with a great ſhow of reaſon, upon the prejudice which theſe mixtures and compoſitions had done to the brains of the Engliſh nation; as is too viſible, ſaid he, from many late pamphlets, ſpeeches and ſermons, as well as from the ordinary converſations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious perſon who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he moſt delighted in; and on that occaſion named a certain ſatyriſt, whom he had diſcovered to be the auther of a lampoon, by a manifeſt taſte of the ſloe, which ſhowed itſelf in it by much roughneſs and little ſpirit.

In the laſt place, he aſcribed to the unnatural tumults and fermentations, which theſe mixtures raiſe in our blood, the diviſions, heats and animoſities, that reign among us; and in particular, aſſerted moſt of the modern enthuſiaſms

ſiaſms and agitations to be nothing elſe but the effects of adulterated Port.

The council for the brewers had a face ſo extremely inflamed and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to ſee him an advocate for theſe ſophiſtications. His rhetoric was likewiſe ſuch as I ſhould have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great exceſs. Indeed, I was ſo ſurprized at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taſte of his uſual liquor; which I had no ſooner drank, but I found a pimple riſing in my forehead; and felt ſuch a ſenſible decay in my underſtanding, that I would not proceed in the trial till the fume of it was entirely diſſipated.

This notable advocate had little to ſay in the defence of his clients, but that they were under a neceſſity of making claret if they would keep open their doors, it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reaſon, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the court, that the lands in Herefordſhire were raiſed two years purchaſe ſince the beginning of the war.

When I had ſent out my ſummons to theſe people,

people, I gave at the ſame time orders to each of them to bring the ſeveral ingredients he made uſe of in diſtinct phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them in two rows on each ſide of the court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The merchant informed me, that in one row of phials were the ſeveral colours they dealt in, and in the other the taſtes. He then ſhewed me on the right hand one who went by the name of Tom. Tintoret, who, as he told me, was the greateſt maſter in his colouring of any vintner in London. To give me a proof his art, he took a glaſs of fair water; and by the infuſion of three drops out of one of his phials converted it into a moſt beautiful pale Burgundy. Two more of the ſame kind heightened it into a perfect Languedoc: from thence it paſſed into a florid Hermitage: and after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a ſingle drop, ended in a very deep Pontack. This ingenious virtuoſo, ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed at his art, told me, that he had not an opportunity of ſhewing it to perfection, having only made uſe of water for the ground-work of his colouring; but that if I were to ſee an operation upon liquors of ſtronger bodies, the art would appear to much greater advantage. He added, that he doubted not but it would pleaſe my curioſity to ſee the cyder of one apple take only a vermilion, when another,

another, with a leſs quantity of the ſame infuſion, would riſe into a dark purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me alſo, that he could hit the different ſhades and degrees of red, as they appear in the pink and the roſe, the clove and the carnation, as he had Rheniſh or Moſelle, Perry or White Port, to work in.

I was ſo ſatisfied with the ingenuity of this virtuoſo, that, after having adviſed him to quit ſo diſhoneſt a profeſſion, I promiſed him, in conſideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a ſcarlet-dyer.

The artiſts on my other hand were ordered in the ſecond place to make ſome experiments of their ſkill before me: upon which the famous Harry Sippet ſtept out, and aſked me, what I would be pleaſed to drink? At the ſame time he filled three or four white liquors in a glaſs, and told me, that it would be what I pleaſed to call for; adding very learnedly, that the liquor before him was as the naked ſubſtance or firſt matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who ſtood over againſt him, could give what accidents or forms they pleaſed. Finding him ſo great a philoſopher, I deſired he would convey into it the qualities and eſſence of right Bourdeaux. Coming, coming, Sir, ſaid he, with the

the air of a drawer; and after having caſt his eye on the ſeveral taſtes and flavours that ſtood before him, he took up a little cruet that was filled with a kind of inky juice, and pouring ſome of it out into the glaſs of white-wine, preſented it to me, and told me, this was the wine over which moſt of the buſineſs of the laſt term had been diſpatched. I muſt confeſs, I looked upon that ſooty drug which he held up in his cruet, as the quinteſſence of Engliſh Bourdeaux, and therefore deſired him to give me a glaſs of it by itſelf, which he did with great unwillingneſs. My cat at that time ſat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myſelf, I reached it to her a ſip of it, which had like to have coſt her her life; for notwithſtanding it flung her at firſt into freakiſh tricks, quite contrary to her uſual gravity, in leſs than a quarter of an hour ſhe fell into convulſions; and any other would certainly have died under the operation.

I was ſo incenſed by the tortures of my innocent domeſtic, and the unworthy dealings of theſe men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured creature before them, they deſerved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they uſed for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themſelves as no better than a kind of aſſaſſins and murderers within the law. However, ſince they had dealt ſo clearly with

with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I diſmiſſed them for that time; with a particular requeſt, That they would not poiſon any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to ſome honeſt livelihood without loſs of time.

For my own part, I am reſolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors, and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to ſecure me two hogſheads of the beſt ſtomach-wine in the cellars of Verſailles, for the good of my lucubrations, and the comfort of my old-age.

No. 133. TUESDAY, *February* 14. 1709.

Dum tacent, clamant. TULL.

There Silence pleads aloud.

Sheer-Lane, February 13.

SILENCE is ſometimes more ſignificant and ſublime than the moſt noble and moſt expreſſive eloquence, and is on many occaſions the indication of a great mind. Several authors have treated of ſilence as a part of duty and diſcretion, but none of them have conſidered it in this light. Homer compares the noiſe and clamour

mour of the Trojans advancing towards the enemy, to the crackling of cranes when they invade an army of pygmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of silence. I find in the accounts which are given us of some of the more Eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures, than what we feel in the Northern regions of the world, that silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their public devotions are in the greatest fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion, for a time, in which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell with such secret conceptions as are too big for utterance. I have myself been wonderfully delighted with a master-piece of music, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. Methinks this short interval of silence has had more music in it than any of the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of silence in the two greatest poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of

of the ſpeeches in their whole works. The firſt is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey. Ulyſſes, who had been the rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occaſion of his death, upon meeting his ſhade in the region of departed heroes, makes his ſubmiſſion to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other paſſes over with dumb ſullen majeſty, and ſuch a ſilence, as, to uſe the words of Longinus, had more greatneſs in it than any thing he could have ſpoken.

The next inſtance I ſhall mention is in Virgil, where the poet, doubtleſs, imitates this ſilence of Ajax in that of Dido; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. Æneas finding, among the ſhades of deſpairing lovers, the ghoſt of her who had lately died for him, with the wound ſtill freſh upon her, addreſſed himſelf to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the moſt paſſionate profeſſions of his own innocence as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and diſdain of a reſenting lover, and an injured queen; and is ſo far from vouchſafing him an anſwer, that ſhe does not give him a ſingle look. The poet repreſents her as turning away her face from him while he ſpoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for ſome time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his proteſtations, flying from him into the grove

of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whoſe fidelity had deſerved her love.

I have often thought our writers of tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain ſtops and pauſes in the repreſentation of ſuch paſſions, as it is not in the power of language to expreſs. There is ſomething like this in the laſt act of Venice Preſerved, where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a reparation for paſt injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to reſcue him from the ignominy of the wheel, by ſtabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful requeſt, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and burſts into tears. The melancholy ſilence that follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himſelf enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raiſes in the ſpectators a grief that is inexpreſſible, and an idea of ſuch a complicated diſtreſs in the actor as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many readers to give rules and directions for proper ſilence, as for *penning a whiſper*: but it is certain, that in the extremity of moſt paſſions, particularly ſurprize, admiration, aſtoniſhment, nay, rage itſelf, there is nothing more graceful than to ſee the play ſtand for a few moments, and

and the audience fixed in an agreeable ſuſpence during the ſilence of a ſkilful actor.

But ſilence never ſhews itſelf to ſo great advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no juſt occaſion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one in whom it appeared in all its majeſty, and one whoſe ſilence, as well as his perſon, was altogether divine. When one conſiders this ſubject only in its ſublimity, this great inſtance could not but occur to me; and ſince I only make uſe of it to ſhew the higheſt example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjuſt reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or, if poſſible, with an entire neglect of it, is one of the moſt heroic acts of a great mind. And I muſt confeſs, when I reflect upon the behaviour of ſome of the greateſt men of antiquity, I do not ſo much admire them that they deſerve the praiſe of the whole age they lived in, as becauſe they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of words, who ſuffers under ſo ill a treatment, is to ly by for ſome time in ſilence and obſcurity, till the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of pleaſure a legacy of the famous lord Bacon, one of the greateſt geniuſes that our own

or any country has produced; after having bequeathed his ſoul, body, and eſtate, in the uſual form, adds, "My name and memory I leave to "foreign nations, and to my countrymen, after "ſome time be paſſed over."

At the ſame time that I recommend this philoſophy to others, I muſt confeſs, I am ſo poor a proficient in it myſelf, that if in the courſe of my lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conſcience it ought to be, I think the time an age till I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I muſt not cloſe my diſcourſe upon ſilence, without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatiſe on the Apoſiopeſis called an *Et cætera*, it being a figure much uſed by ſome learned authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my lord chief juſtice Coke obſerves, had a moſt admirable talent at an *etc.*

No. 146. THURSDAY, *March* 16. 1709.

Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dii.
Charior eſt illis homo, quam ſibi. Nos animorum
Impulſu et cæca magnaque cupidine ducti
Conjugium pertimus, partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualiſque futura ſit uxor.
JUV. Sat. 10. ver. 347.

Intruſt thy fortune to the Powers above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excel:
Ah! that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We, blindly by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action, and deſire to wed;
Then wiſh for heirs, but to the gods alone
Our future offspring and our wives are known.
DRYDEN.

From my own apartment, March 15.

AMONG the various ſets of correſpondents who apply to me for advice, and ſend up their caſes from all parts of Great Britain,

tain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to anſwer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling ſtream, where he uſed to ruminate in ſolitude upon the divine Clariſſa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is reſolved to take, unleſs I ſupport him under the loſs of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia preſſes as much for conſolation on the other ſide, and is reduced to ſuch an extremity of deſpair by the inconſtancy of Philander, that ſhe tells me ſhe writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almoſt out of his wits upon account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inſeparable companion for ten years, is at laſt run mad. Another, who I believe is ſerious, complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loſs of a wife; and another, in terms ſtill more moving, of a purſe of money that was taken from him on Bagſhot Heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him if he had given it to the poor. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed wonderful to conſider, how men are able to raiſe affliction to themſelves out of every thing. Lands and houſes, ſheep and oxen, can

can convey happineſs and miſery into the hearts of reaſonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a ſcarff, or a tippet, become a ſolid bleſſing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thouſands. Flavia, who had buried five children, and two huſbands, was never able to get over the loſs of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a ball or an aſſembly! Mopſa has kept her chamber ever ſince the laſt maſquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold which ſhe caught at it. Nor are theſe dear creatures the only ſufferers by ſuch imaginary calamities: many an author has been dejected at the cenſure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot; and many a hero caſt into a fit of melancholy, becauſe the rabble have not hooted at him as he paſſed through the ſtreets. Theron places all his happineſs in a running horſe, Suffenus in a gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue ſtring, and Florio in a tulip root. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many fantaſtical afflictions that diſturb mankind; but as a miſery is not to be meaſured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the ſufferer, I ſhall preſent my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory, for which I am indebted to the great father and prince of poets.

As I was ſitting after dinner in my elbow-chair, I took my Homer, and dipped into that famous ſpeech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great veſſels, the one filled with bleſſings, and the other with misfortunes; out of which he mingles a compoſition for every man that comes into the world. This paſſage ſo exceedingly pleaſed me, that as I fell inſenſibly into my afternoon's ſlumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the ſeveral parts of nature, with the preſiding deities, did homage to him. One preſented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The ſtars offered up their influences, the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the ſun his ſeaſons. Among the ſeveral deities who came to make their court on this occaſion, the Deſtinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of them they fixed at the right hand of Jupiter, as he ſat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The firſt was filled with all the bleſſings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that ſtood at his right hand; but

but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his bleſſings, he ſet abroach the other veſſel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and diſtempers, jealouſy and falſhood, intoxicating pleaſures and untimely deaths.

He was at length ſo very much incenſed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having reſolved to deſtroy the whole ſpecies, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the Deſtinies to gather up the bleſſings which he had thrown away upon the ſons of men, and lay them up till the world ſhould be inhabited by a more virtuous and deſerving race of mortals.

The three ſiſters immediately repaired to the earth, in ſearch of the ſeveral bleſſings that had been ſcattered on it; but found the taſk which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they had imagined. The firſt place they reſorted to, as the moſt likely to ſucceed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but inſtead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneaſineſs, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand veſſel. Whereas, to their great ſurpriſe, they diſcovered content, chearfulneſs, health, innocence, and other the moſt ſubſtantial bleſſings of life, in cottages, ſhades, and ſolitudes.

There was another circumſtance no leſs unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the diſcharge of the truſt which Jupiter had committed to them. They obſerved that ſeveral bleſſings had degenerated into calamities, and that ſeveral calamities had improved into bleſſings, according as they fell into the poſſeſſion of wiſe or fooliſh men. They often found power with ſo much inſolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the perſon on whom it was conferred. Youth had often diſtempers growing about it, worſe than the infirmities of old-age: wealth was often united to ſuch a ſordid avarice, as made it the moſt uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty loſt in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word, the bleſſings were often like good fruits planted in a bad ſoil, that by degrees fall off from their natural reliſh, into taſtes altogether inſipid or unwholeſome; and the calamities like harſh fruits, cultivated in a good ſoil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, till they ſwell with generous and delightful juices.

There was ſtill a third circumſtance that occaſioned as great a ſurprize to the three ſiſters as either of the foregoing, when they diſcovered ſeveral bleſſings and calamities which had never been

been in either of the tuns that ſtood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheleſs as great occaſions of happineſs or miſery as any there. Theſe were that ſpurious crop of bleſſings and calamities which were never ſown by the hand of the deity, but grow of themſelves out of the fancies and diſpoſitions of human creatures. Such are dreſs, titles, place, equipage, falſe ſhame, and groundleſs fear, with the like vain imaginations that ſhoot up in trifling, weak, and irreſolute minds.

The Deſtinies, finding themſelves in ſo great a perplexity, concluded, that it would be impoſſible for them to execute the commands that had been given them according to their firſt intention; for which reaſon they agreed to throw all the bleſſings and calamities together into one large veſſel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly, the eldeſt ſiſter preſented herſelf before the veſſel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

O Jupiter! ſays ſhe, we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and diſtreſſes of human life, which we thus preſent before thee in one promiſcuous heap. We beſeech thee that thou thyſelf wilt ſort them out for the future as in thy wiſdom thou ſhalt think fit. For

we acknowledge, that there is none beſide thee that can judge what will occaſion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what would prove a bleſſing or a calamity to the perſon on whom it is beſtowed.

No. 147. SATURDAY, *March* 18. 1709.

——*Ut ameris, amabilis eſto.* OVID.

——Be lovely, that you may be belov'd.

From my own apartment, March 17.

READING is to the mind, what exerciſe is to the body: as by the one, health is preſerved, ſtrengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cheriſhed and confirmed. But as exerciſe becomes tedious and painful when we make uſe of it only as the means of health, ſo reading is apt to grow uneaſy and burthenſome, when we apply ourſelves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reaſon, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable purſuit that draws us on with

with pleaſure, and makes us inſenſible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, I ſhall ſet down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mentioned in my laſt paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aſide when one is engaged in the reading of him; and this I particularly deſign for the uſe of ſeveral of my fair correſpondents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have loſt the affections of their huſbands, and deſire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, ſays Homer, ſeeing her Jupiter ſeated on the top of mount Ida, and knowing that he conceived an averſion to her, began to ſtudy how ſhe ſhould regain his affections, and make herſelf amiable to him. With this thought ſhe immediately retired into her chamber, where ſhe bathed herſelf in ambroſia, which gave her perſon all its beauty, and diffuſed ſo divine an odour, as refreſhed all nature, and ſweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal treſſes flow in the moſt graceful manner, and took a particular care to dreſs herſelf in ſeveral ornaments, which the poet deſcribes at length, and which the goddeſs choſe out as the moſt proper to ſet off her perſon to the beſt advantage. In the next place, ſhe made a viſit to Venus, the deity who preſides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that ſhe would lend her

for

for a while thoſe charms with which ſhe ſubdued the hearts both of gods and men. For, ſays the goddeſs, I would make uſe of them to reconcile the two deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who, at preſent, are at ſo great a variance, that they are eſtranged from each other's bed. Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging ſo great a goddeſs, and therefore made her a preſent of the Ceſtus which ſhe uſed to wear about her own waiſt, with advice to hide it in her boſom, till ſhe had accompliſhed her intention. This Ceſtus was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the ſex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were love, deſire, fondneſs of ſpeech, and converſation, filled with that ſweetneſs and complacency which, ſays the poet, inſenſibly ſteal away the hearts of the wiſeſt men.

Juno, after having made theſe neceſſary preparations, came as by accident into the preſence of Jupiter, who is ſaid to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he firſt ſtole to her embraces without the conſent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as ſhe had told Venus, that ſhe was going to make a viſit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to ſtay with him, proteſting to her, that ſhe appeared more amiable in his eye, than ever any mortal, goddeſs, or even herſelf, had appeared

peared to him till that day. The poet then repreſents him in ſo great an ardour, that (without going up to the houſe which had been built by the hands of Vulcan, according to Juno's direction) he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they ſat upon the top of mount Ida, while the earth beneath them ſprung up in lotus's, ſaffirons, hyacinths, and a bed of the ſofteſt flowers for their repoſe.

This cloſe tranſlation of one of the fineſt paſſages in Homer, may ſuggeſt abundance of inſtruction to a woman who has a mind to preſerve or recall the affection of her huſband. The care of the perſon, and the dreſs, with the particular blandiſhments woven in the Ceſtus, are ſo plainly recommended by this fable, and ſo indiſpenſibly neceſſary in every female who deſires to pleaſe, that they need no further explanation. The diſcretion likewiſe in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended viſit to Tethys, in the ſpeech where Juno addreſſes herſelf to Venus; as the chaſte and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the ſame pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the Ceſtus in her boſom.

I ſhall leave this tale to the conſideration of ſuch good houſewives who are never well dreſſed but when they are abroad, and think it neceſſary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their

their huſbands: as alſo to thoſe prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their huſbands with indifference, averſion, ſullen ſilence, or exaſperating language.

Sheer-Lane, March 17.

Upon my coming home laſt night, I found a very handſome preſent of wine left for me, as a taſte of 216 *hogſheads which are to be put to ſale at* 20*l a hogſhead, at Garraway's coffee houſe in Exchange alley, on the* 22*d inſtant, at three in the afternoon, and to be taſted in major Long's vaults from the* 20*th inſtant to the time of ſale.* This having been ſent me with a deſire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a jury of men of nice palates and ſtrong heads, who being all of them very ſcrupulous, and unwilling to proceed raſhly in a matter of ſo great importance, refuſed to bring in their verdict till three in morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, extra-a-ordinary French claret. For my own part, as I love to conſult my pillow in all points of moment, I ſlept upon it before I would give my ſentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I muſt give notice to my correſpondents for the future,

future, who ſhall apply to me on this occaſion, that as I ſhall decide nothing unadviſedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at leaſt three dozen bottles of it. I muſt at the ſame time do myſelf the juſtice to let the world know, that I have reſiſted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare-Market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and half of marrow-bones. I had likewiſe a bribe ſent me by a fiſh-monger, conſiſting of a collar of brand, and a joll of ſalmon; but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up without ſpeaking one word of them. However, for the future, I ſhall have an eye to the diet of this great city, and will recommend the beſt and moſt wholeſome food to them, if I receive theſe proper and reſpectful notices from the ſellers, that it may not be ſaid hereafter my readers were better taught than fed.

No. 148. Tuesday, *March* 21. 1709.

Guſtus elementa per omnia quærunt,
Nunquam animo pretiis obſtantibus——
Juv. Sat. 11. ver. 14.

They ranſack ev'ry element for choice,
Of ev'ry fiſh and fowl, at any price.
Congreve.

From my own apartment, March 20.

HAVING intimated in my laſt paper, that I deſign to take under my inſpection the diet of this great city, I ſhall begin with a very earneſt and ſerious exhortation to all my well-diſpoſed readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themſelves to beef and mutton. This was that diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of Creſſy and Agincourt. I need not go up ſo high as the hiſtory of Guy earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a dun cow of his own killing. The renowned king Arthur is generally looked upon as the firſt who ever ſat down to a whole roaſted ox, which was certainly the beſt way to preſerve the gravy; and it is further added, that he and his knights ſat about it at his round table, and uſually conſumed it to the very bones before they would

enter

enter upon any debate of moment. The Black prince was a profeſſed lover of the briſket; not to mention the hiſtory of the ſirloin, or the inſtitution of the order of beef-eaters, which are all ſo many evident and undeniable marks of the great reſpect which our warlike predeceſſors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot roaſt beef; and I am credibly informed by an antiquary who has ſearched the regiſters in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that inſtead of tea, and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfaſt. Mutton has likewiſe been in great repute among our valiant countrymen, but was formerly obſerved to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than thoſe of ſtrong and robuſt conſtitutions. For which reaſon, even to this day, we uſe the word ſheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do beef-eater in a reſpectful and honourable ſenſe. As for the fleſh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of ſickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholeſome remark of Daniel the hiſtorian, who takes notice, That in all taxes upon proviſions, during the reigns of ſeveral of our kings, there is nothing mentioned beſides the fleſh of ſuch fowl and cattle as were

arrived

arrived at their full growth, and were mature for ſlaughter. The common people of this kingdom do ſtill keep up the taſte of their anceſtors; and it is to this that we in a great meaſure owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would deſire my readers to conſider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricacies and ragouſts.

For this reaſon we at preſent ſee the florid complexion, the ſtrong limb, and the hale conſtitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner ſort of people, or in the wild gentry, who have been educated among the woods and mountains; whereas many great families are inſenſibly fallen off from the athletic conſtitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, ſickly, ſpindle-legged, generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I muſt confeſs, I am apt to impute the diſhonours that ſometimes happen in great families to the inflaming kind of diet which is ſo much in faſhion. Many diſhes can excite deſire without giving ſtrength, and heat the body without nouriſhing it: as phyſicians obſerve, that the pooreſt and moſt diſpirited blood is moſt ſubject to fevers. I look upon a French ragouſt to be as pernicious to the ſtomach as a glaſs of ſpirits; and when I have ſeen a young lady ſwal-

low

low all the inſtigations of high ſoups, ſeaſoned ſauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the deſpair or tedious ſighing of her lovers.

The rules among theſe falſe delicates, are to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of nature, they eat for appetite, and prepare diſhes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without ſome diſguiſe.

They are to eat every thing before it comes to ſeaſon, and to leave it off as ſoon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their ſenſes, but what would offend thoſe of their inferiors.

I remember I was laſt ſummer invited to a friend's houſe, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and, as the phraſe is, *eats well.* At our ſitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown diſhes. I was mightily at a loſs to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myſelf. That which ſtood before me I took to be a roaſted porcupine, however did not care for aſking queſtions: and have ſince been informed, that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards paſſed my eye over ſeveral diſhes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and hearing that they were

were delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them

Among other dainties, I ſaw ſomething like a pheaſant, and therefore deſired to be helped to a wing of it; but to my great ſurprize, my friend told me it was a rabbet, which is a ſort of meat I never cared for. At laſt I diſcovered, with ſome joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the houſe ſaid with great civility, I am ſure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death. I muſt confeſs, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died ſuch a tragical death: I was now in great hunger and confuſion, when, methought, I ſmelled the agreeable ſavour of roaſt-beef, but could not tell from which diſh it aroſe, though I did not queſtion but it lay diſguiſed in one of them. Upon turning my head, I ſaw a noble ſirloin on the ſide-table ſmoking in the moſt delicious manner. I had recourſe to it more than once, and could not ſee, without ſome indignation, that ſubſtantial Engliſh diſh baniſhed in ſo ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickſhaws.

The deſſert was brought up at laſt, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were ſeveral pyramids of candyed

dyed ſweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits ſcattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of froſt. At the ſame time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a ſnow, and near them little plates of ſugar-plumbs, diſpoſed like ſo many heaps of hail-ſtones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed ſo pleaſed with the ſeveral objects which lay before me, that I did not care for diſplacing any of them, and was half angry with the reſt of the company, that for the ſake of a piece of lemon-peel, or a ſugar-plumb, would ſpoil ſo pleaſing a picture. Indeed, I could not but ſmile to ſee ſeveral of them cooling their mouths with lumps of ice, which they had juſt before been burning with ſalts and peppers.

As ſoon as this ſhow was over I took my leave, that I might finiſh my dinner at my own houſe: for as I in every thing love what is ſimple and natural, ſo particularly in my food; two plain diſhes, with two or three good-natured, chearful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleaſed and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can beſtow. For it is my maxim, *that he keeps the greateſt table, who has the moſt valuable company at it.*

No. 152. THURSDAY, *March* 30. 1709.

Dii, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque
ſilentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine merſas.
VIRG. Æn. 6. ver. 264.

Infernal gods, who rule the ſhades below,
Chaos, and *Phlegethon*, the realms of woe,
Grant what I've heard I may to light expoſe,
Secrets which earth, and night, and hell incloſe!
PITT.

From my own apartment, March 29.

A MAN, who confines his ſpeculations to the time preſent, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reaſon, perſons of ſtudious and contemplative natures often entertain themſelves with the hiſtory of paſt ages, or raiſe ſchemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity which is ſtill to come, rather than look on that which is already run

run out; becauſe I know I have a real ſhare and intereſt in the one, whereas all that was tranſacted in the other can be only matter of curioſity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the ſoul's immortality, and in reading the ſeveral notions which the wiſeſt of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that ſubject. What the opinions of the greateſt philoſophers have been, I have ſeveral times hinted at, and ſhall give an account of them from time to time as occaſion requires. It may likewiſe be worth while to conſider what men of the moſt exalted genius, and elevated imagination, have thought of this matter. Among theſe, Homer ſtands up as a prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the reſt of human creatures as a ſpecies beneath him. Since he is the moſt ancient heathen author, we may gueſs from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the ſtate of the ſoul after death.

Ulyſſes, he tells us, made a voyage to the regions of the dead, in order to conſult Tireſias how he ſhould return to his own country, and recommend himſelf to the favour of the gods. The poet ſcarce introduces a ſingle perſon, who doth not ſuggeſt ſome uſeful precept to his reader, and deſigns his deſcription of the dead for the amendment of the living.

Ulyſſes, after having made a very plenteous ſacrifice, ſat him down by the pool of holy blood, which attracted a prodigious aſſembly of ghoſts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the hero, and feaſted upon the ſteams of his oblation. The firſt he knew, was the ſhade of Elpenor, who, to ſhew the activity of a ſpirit above that of a body, is repreſented as arrived there long before Ulyſſes, notwithſtanding the winds and ſeas had contributed all their force to haſten his voyage thither. This Elpenor, to inſpire the reader with a deteſtation of drunkenneſs, and at the ſame time with a religious care of doing proper honours to the dead, deſcribes himſelf as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs Ulyſſes, that for the repoſe of his ſoul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulyſſes with great ſorrow of heart promiſes to fulfil his requeſt, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The ghoſt of his own mother Anticlea, whom he ſtill thought living, appears to him among the multitude of ſhades that ſurrounded him, and ſits down at a ſmall diſtance from him by the lake of blood, without ſpeaking to him, or knowing who he was. Ulyſſes was exceedingly troubled at the ſight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but being all along ſet forth as a pattern of conſummate wiſdom, he makes

makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his ſeeing Tireſias, does not reveal himſelf to his mother, till he had conſulted that great prophet, who was the occaſion of this his deſcent into the empire of the dead. Tireſias having cautioned him to keep himſelf and his companions free from the guilt of ſacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the gods, promiſes him a return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old-age in the enjoyment of them.

The poet having thus with great art kept the curioſity of his reader in ſuſpence, repreſents this wiſe man, after the diſpatch of his buſineſs with Tireſias, as yielding himſelf up to the calls of natural affection, and making himſelf known to his mother. Her eyes were no ſooner opened, but ſhe cried out in tears, *Oh my ſon!* and enquires into the occaſions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulyſſes on the other hand deſires to know, what the ſickneſs was that had ſent her into thoſe regions, and the condition in which ſhe had left his father, his ſon, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, they were all three inconſolable for his abſence: *and as for myſelf*, ſays ſhe, *That was the ſickneſs of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondneſs for my dear Ulyſſes, were the only diſtempers that preyed upon my life, and ſeparated my ſoul from my body.* Ulyſſes was

melted with theſe expreſſions of tenderneſs, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his mother to his boſom and weep over her.

This gives the poet occaſion to deſcribe the notion the heathens at that time had of an unbodied ſoul, in the excuſe which the mother makes for ſeeming to withdraw herſelf from her ſon's embraces. *The ſoul*, ſays ſhe, *is compoſed neither of bones, fleſh, nor ſinews, but leaves behind her all thoſe incumbrances of mortality to be conſumed on the funeral pile. As ſoon as ſhe hath thus caſt her burden, ſhe makes her eſcape, and flies away from it like a dream.*

When this melancholy converſation is at an end, the poet draws up to view as charming a viſion as could enter into man's imagination. He deſcribes the next who appeared to Ulyſſes, to have been the ſhades of the fineſt women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, the miſtreſſes of gods, or mothers of heroes; ſuch as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and ſeveral others, of whom he gives a catalogue, with a ſhort hiſtory of their adventures. The beautiful aſſembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood: each of them, ſays Ulyſſes, as a gentle ſatire upon female vanity, *giving me an account of her birth and family.* This ſcene of extraordinary women ſeems to have been

been designed by the poet as a lecture of morality to the whole sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours, they can arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian heroes who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the generalissimo of that great expedition, who at the appearance of his old friend wept very bitterly, and without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with her adulterer: from whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. *My wife*, says he, *has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You indeed have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as*

my wife has treated me; however, take care how you truſt a woman. The poet, in this and other inſtances, according to the ſyſtem of many Heathen as well as Chriſtian philoſophers, ſhews, how anger, revenge, and other habits which the ſoul had contracted in the body, ſubſiſt and grow in it under its ſtate of ſeparation.

I am extremely pleaſed with the companions which the poet in the next deſcription aſſigns to Achilles. *Achilles*, ſays the hero, *came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus.* By which we may ſee that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendſhips which are made among the living, will likewiſe continue among the dead. Achilles enquires after the welfare of his ſon, and of his father, with a fierceneſs of the ſame character that Homer has every where expreſſed in the actions of his life. The paſſage relating to his ſon is ſo extremely beautiful, that I muſt not omit it. Ulyſſes, after having deſcribed him as wiſe in council and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had ſlain in battle, adds an obſervation that he himſelf had made of his behaviour whilſt he lay in the wooden horſe. *Moſt of the generals*, ſays he, *that were with us, either wept or trembled: as for your ſon, I never ſaw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his ſword, or graſp his ſpear,*

ſpear, as impatient to employ them againſt the Trojans. He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchaſed before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. The ſhade of Achilles, ſays the poet, was ſo pleaſed with the account he received of his ſon, that he enquired no further, but ſtalked away with more than ordinary majeſty over the green meadow that lay before them.

This laſt circumſtance of a deceaſed father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his ſon, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made uſe of by none that I know beſides himſelf.

The deſcription of Ajax, which follows, and his refuſing to ſpeak to Ulyſſes, who had won the armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occaſioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulyſſes relates the ſullenneſs of his deportment, and conſiders the greatneſs of the hero, he expreſſes himſelf with generous and noble ſentiments. *Oh! that I had never gained a prize which coſt the life of ſo brave a man as Ajax! who, for the beauty of his perſon, and greatneſs of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles.* The ſame noble condeſcenſion, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and ſuch as Homer would repreſent that of Ulyſſes to have been, diſcovers itſelf likewiſe in the ſpeech which he made to the

the ghoſt of Ajax on that occaſion. *Oh Ajax!* ſays he, *Will you keep your reſentment even after death? what deſtruction hath this fatal armour brought upon the Greeks by robbing them of you, who was their bulwark and defence? Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who out of his anger to the Greeks, took you from among them: let me entreat you to approach me; reſtrain the fierceneſs of your wrath, and the greatneſs of your ſoul, and hear what I have to ſay to you.* Ajax, without making any reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a croud of ghoſts.

Ulyſſes, after all theſe viſions, took a view of thoſe impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he deſcribes under all the varieties of pain, as ſo many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithſtanding he had a great curioſity to ſee the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the ghoſts began to gather about him in ſuch prodigious multitudes, and with ſuch confuſion of voices, that his heart trembled as he ſaw himſelf amidſt ſo great a ſcene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid leſt ſome hideous ſpectre ſhould appear to him, that might terrify him to diſtraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I queſtion

I queſtion not but my reader will be pleaſed with this deſcription of a future ſtate, repreſented by ſuch a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it beſides the light of nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

END *of* VOLUME FIRST.